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SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

It is a good sign for England that the death of a scientific man like Sir John Herschel, although he had lived for many years in close retirement, and rarely been seen except by members of his own family and personal friends, and had long given over scientific work of the more serious kind, is felt as a great and national loss. High and low, rich and poor, lament the absence of one who has been to most of them little more than a name: first, because the dignity of a life spent in the study of Nature is beginning to assert itself; and, secondly, because in Sir John Herschel the power of scientific observation was preëminently associated not only with the power of appealing to tens of thousands by his writings, but with all those qualities which, when we find them in a great man, make him universally beloved.

In attempting to give a sketch of a man who was so emphatically the son of his father, both in thought and work, it is impossible to speak of one without referring to the other. Not only were they laborers in the same vast field, but for many years of his life Sir John Her-

schel was engaged in researches which may be looked upon as an extension of those commenced by his father. Born at Slough in 1792, he passed his childhood under the shadow of that giant telescope which his father's skill and indomitable perseverance had erected, and to which the liberality of the king, who endowed the father with a sum of four hundred pounds a year, enabled him to devote all his energies. Indirectly profiting, without doubt, by this magnificent endowment, and reared in an atmosphere of wonderful discoveries, John Herschel went to Eton, and subsequently to St. John's College, Cambridge, filled with an intense love of his father's pursuits; and, as a result of his early training and his own mental powers, he came out senior wrangler and first Smith's prizeman in 1813. In 1816 we find him engaged in astronomical work in one of those prolific fields of observation which his father had opened up to an astonished world. The fixed stars, on which the prestige of immutability had rested after Galileo had snatched it from the sun, had been found to include some



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which appeared double or treble, not because they were in the same line from the eye, but because they were physically connected, revolving round each other, or rather round a common centre of motion, as our earth does round the sun. This, and an examination of the nebulae and clusters discovered by his father, engaged much of Herschel's attention for some years, and, in conjunction with Sir James South, he presented a paper to the Royal Society, embodying upward of ten thousand observations on the double stars, which was printed in 1824; and in 1832 a catalogue of two thousand nebulae and clusters was also printed in the *Philosophical Transactions*.

But this by no means represents the sum total of his activity during this period. The mathematical papers communicated in 1813 and the following years to the *Philosophical Transactions* were soon supplemented by papers on chemistry, many of which appeared in the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* about 1819. In 1820 physical science was added to chemical science, and Herschel broke ground in his many researches on optical questions by a paper in the *Philosophical Transactions* on the action of crystallized bodies in homogeneous light; while, with astonishing versatility, in 1824 he had sufficiently mastered the subject of electricity to deliver the Bakerian Lecture before the Royal Society on the motion produced in fluid conductors when transmitting the electric current. We note these incidents merely to show Herschel's many-sidedness in his scientific work, not by any means to exhaust its list; for this many pages in the Royal Society's Index of Scientific Papers would have to be quoted. There is one item of what may be termed his miscellaneous work to which we must specially refer. In 1822 we find him investigating the spectra of colored flames, and these researches were carried on, at intervals at all events, till 1827, when he wrote: "The colors thus contributed by different objects to flame afford in many cases a ready and neat way of detecting extremely minute quantities of them." Here we find spectrum analysis almost stated in terms, and yet, although Herschel, Brewster, and Fox Talbot, were on the track of the most brilliant discovery of our age, the clue was lost, and little came of their labors. It is one thing to make observations, and another to plan and conduct researches in a perfectly untrodden field; and it is no disparagement of Herschel to make this remark in connection with his experiments on spectrum analysis, for although he would certainly, as a result of these experiments, have anticipated Kirchhoff and Bunsen, if he had been gifted with that kind of genius which dominates the mind of the discoverer, his mind was intent upon a great project which he did not delay to put into execution. This was nothing less than an endeavor to do for the Southern heavens that which his father and himself had done for the Northern ones. This project he carried into execution in the year 1834 by taking his celebrated eighteen-and-one-half-inch reflector, of twenty feet focal length, made by himself, and a smaller refractor, to the Cape of Good Hope, and erecting his observatory at Feldhausen, near Table Bay. Here for four years of self-imposed exile his industry was simply unparalleled. It requires an intimate acquaintance with the working of large reflecting telescopes of the construction adopted by Sir John Herschel to appreciate the tremendous labor and patience involved in the work he had set himself to do. Those who have only seen astronomical observations carried on in an observatory where for the most part equatorially-mounted refractors, with observing chairs allowing the utmost ease to the observers, are employed, can form no idea of the extreme discomfort of him who is perched high up, on a small stage, standing for the most part in the open air; yet this was Herschel's self-imposed duty, not only in his Cape observations, but in the earlier work to which we have before referred. Such was his industry that he by no means confined himself to his "sweepings," double-star observations, and "night-work" generally. Some of the most beautiful drawings of sun-spots that we possess are to be found in the volume in which his work is recorded, entitled "Results of Astronomical Observations made during 1834-'38 at the Cape of Good Hope, being the Completion of a Telescopic Survey of the whole Surface of the Visible Heavens, commenced in 1825." In addition to all the new knowledge of old nebulae, and descriptions of those he had discovered in the Southern Hemisphere, Sir John Herschel took advantage of the position at the Cape to delineate the magnificent nebulae of Orion, as well as that surrounding η Argus, and to determine the places of all the included stars visible in his large instrument. The fidelity of these drawings is something wonderful.

We may fitly complete our notice of Sir John Herschel's work by

referring to the two catalogues which within the last few years he has presented to the Royal and Royal Astronomical Societies, one of all known nebulae, in which are brought together all the observations of Messier, his father, himself, Lord Rosse, Lassell, Bond, and others; the other, a seventh catalogue of double stars, completing the former lists presented to the Royal Astronomical Society during the years 1827-'37.

So much, in brief, for Herschel's observational and experimental work. As a scientific writer he was equally diligent. Immediately after taking his degree, in 1813, he commenced writing on mathematical subjects, and afterward these were changed for physical studies. In the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* and in various encyclopaedia articles of unsurpassed excellence and clearness are to be found from his fertile pen—for instance, his articles on Meteorology, Physical Geography, and the Telescope, which have been reprinted in a separate form. Some of this work appeared before he went to the Cape, as also his preliminary discourse on Natural Philosophy and his treatise on Astronomy. In all these there is evidence of Herschel's great power as a writer, and of his appreciation of the importance of natural knowledge in itself. His latest scientific publication was his "Outlines of Astronomy," first published in 1849, a work which would have almost if not quite sufficed to make the reputation of any ordinary man; it has already run through several editions, and has been translated into several languages, Chinese among the number. The last publication which bears his name was the fruit of that vigorous old age which sought recreation in change of occupation; and it is characteristic alike of the versatility of Herschel's genius and of the immortal interest of the Homeric poems that his final volume should have been a translation of the *Iliad* into English hexameters.

It is some consolation to know that the great man at whose labors we have rapidly glanced died full of honors in a ripe old age. Too often the merits of an English man of science are for the first time recognized when he has departed this life. This was by no means Herschel's case. His scientific labors received the highest honors which the Royal Society, the Paris Academy of Sciences, and the Royal Astronomical Society, can bestow. A baronetcy was conferred upon him on his return from the Cape, where, let us add, all his observations were made at his own expense. St. John's College conferred upon him the first of its honorary fellowships; Oxford granted him her D. C. L.; and Marischal College, Aberdeen, claimed him as its rector. But he was never president of the Royal Society or of the British Association.

The distinguishing feature of his character was the quality which we can best describe by a very trite but expressive appellation, simplicity. The pride of intellect and the vanity of cleverness—qualities different in themselves, though often confounded—were equally absent from his nature, while that self-reliance which is their better counterpart never failed to assert itself. The womanly jealousies and partisanships which too often discredit the career of philosophers were abhorrent to his nature, while in the scramble for titular distinctions his form could never be described. His spirits were those of a boy, happy not only in the enjoyment of life but in the consciousness of being able to give the highest pleasure to others, while his sympathy was ever ready and ever judicious. His death occurred on May 11th, at his residence in Kent.

MORTON HOUSE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALERIE ATLYMER."

CHAPTER XXXIV.—MR. WARWICK'S INVESTIGATION.

DUSK was setting in when Mr. Warwick entered Tallahoms, and, as the Marks house was the first on that side of the village, Cyrus had already drawn up to the gate, and his master was about to descend from the carriage, when the latch was lifted and a servant came out.

"Mass John!" he exclaimed, as, notwithstanding the dim light, he recognized Mr. Warwick.

"How are you, Tom? Has your master come home yet?"

"No, sir; master ain't been home since mornin', and mistiss is just now sent me to tell him to come home to supper. The bank was robbed last night, Mass John, and—"

* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

"Yes, I know.—Drive on, Cyrus—to the bank.—Tell your mistress, Tom, that I have come, and that I have gone on to meet your master."

Mr. Warwick was so occupied with his own thoughts that he did not notice any thing, did not even look out of the window, as he drove through the village, or he would have seen his brother-in-law, who was plodding homeward, with step most unlike his usual brisk business-walk, his head declined, and his eyes fixed vacantly on the pavement. Thus abstracted, the carriage passed him unperceived, and in a few minutes stopped at the bank.

"You need not wait," said Mr. Warwick, alighting hastily. He opened the gate, and had proceeded half-way up the walk, when, recollecting his promise to Mrs. Gordon about the letter, he went back and called to Cyrus, who was driving off. "Make haste home with the horses," he said, "and, as soon as you have given them to Jacob, go to the post-office, get my letters, and bring them here as quickly as possible."

The front-door of the bank was standing wide open, and, as he was entering the passage, he heard the sound of a key turning in its lock. The next instant, the clerk of the bank, who had just been locking the door of the cashier's room, preparatory to going out, came toward him. It was too dark to see the young man's face; but recognizing his figure and movements, the lawyer spoke.

"Well, Hugh, I understand you have had a terrible piece of work here," he said, holding out his hand.

Poor Hugh Ellis had borne up manfully until this moment; but his courage and power of self-control broke down now. Seizing the hand which Mr. Warwick offered, he wrung it hard, made a desperate effort to swallow a huge lump that had been stationary in his throat all day, giving him the constant sensation of choking, failed in his effort, and suddenly burst into tears.

"Come, come," said Mr. Warwick, kindly; "this won't do! There's no good in crying over a thing, you know. What we must think of is to ferret out the thieves and get the money back."

"Oh!—if you could—do that, Mr. Warwick!" cried Hugh, sobbingly.

"It must be done. So come back into the bank with me, and let me hear all about the business. Where's Marks?"

"Just gone home to supper; but he said he would be back in half an hour," answered Hugh, with animation; for his heart was already lightened, and his spirits raised, by the confident manner of the lawyer.

Leading the way back to the cashier's room, he unlocked the door, groped his way to the fireplace—the windows being all shut close, the room was in pitch darkness—felt about on the mantelpiece until he found a box of matches, and struck a light. As he turned, with it in his hand, toward Mr. Warwick, who was advancing, the latter started in astonishment, exclaiming:

"Good Heavens! what is the matter with you?"

He might well ask the question, since the face before him was so bruised and disfigured that he could scarcely believe it to be that of Hugh Ellis. The lower part of one cheek was swollen out of all shape, and very much discolored, while the eye on the other side of the face was half closed, and surrounded with pieces of sticking-plaster, crossed diagonally by narrow strips of black court-plaster to hold them in place—the countenance altogether presenting an appearance at once ludicrous and pitiable.

"Did you have a fight with the burglars?" he demanded, his mind leaping to this conclusion before the young man had time to speak.

"Not much of a fight," answered Hugh, in a tone of mortification. "They were two to one, and too much for me, though—"

"But you saw them?" interrupted the other, eagerly.

"Yes, I saw them."

"This is better than I had hoped. Sit down, Hugh, and tell me all about it. Don't waste time, for minutes may be valuable here; but don't slur over particulars, as it is generally by some trifle that a discovery is made in cases of this sort. Go on."

He took a chair as he spoke, and Hugh, putting the candle down upon the counter, followed his example, and proceeded to comply with his request.

"I went to bed about eleven o'clock, as usual, Mr. Warwick, and soon went to sleep. How long I was asleep, I don't know—but I'm sure it couldn't have been long—when I was waked, as I thought, by a sudden, sharp noise. I jumped up and listened; but every thing

was perfectly still—so still that I began to think I must have been mistaken about there having been any noise, though I couldn't imagine what else would have waked me so suddenly. Since the money was brought up from Hartsburg, I have been very wakeful—easily disturbed, and constantly starting in my sleep. Nearly every night I have got up two or three times, and struck a light to see that all was right. It was only yesterday that I mentioned to Mr. Marks that I hadn't had a good night's sleep since it came; and he laughed, and said he was glad I took such care of it, but that it wouldn't be here to trouble me much longer, for he should send off part of it to-day, and expected to get rid of the rest—all that don't belong here—the first of next week. Well, I sat up in bed, listening with all my ears; for some time—but not a sound could I hear; and then I got up and struck a light, and went round to all the doors and windows, examining them closely. Every thing was right, and I put out the candle and went back to bed. But I could not go to sleep again. Not that I felt uneasy. So far from that, I was disposed to laugh at myself for being startled at nothing. But I was so wide awake, that I felt as if I should not be able to close my eyes for the rest of the night. I lay thinking of all sorts of things for a long time, when suddenly—just as quick as thought, Mr. Warwick, and without knowing why—I jumped up in bed, all over in a cold perspiration! I had not been asleep—I'd swear to that!—for I was thinking at that very minute about Miss Katharine—who, I suppose, you don't know—"

"Yes, I know, she has left Tallahoma. Go on. You were thinking of her, and so you were sure you were awake—?"

"Yes, sir. As wide awake as I am this minute. And there hadn't been the slightest noise—and I couldn't tell, to save my life, what was the matter with me. I just jumped up as if I had been set on springs—and found myself in a cold sweat, and trembling like an aspen-leaf. It took me so by surprise that it must have been several seconds before I came to myself sufficiently to know what I was about. Then I felt sure—just as sure as I am now—that something was wrong. I put my hand under the pillow and drew out my revolver, and, without waiting this time to light the candle, I sprang out of bed, groped my way to the door, which I always leave open at night, and came into this room. I stood still to listen for an instant, but all was silent; I was just turning to go back into my own room to strike a light again, when I heard a noise in the passage outside there." He pointed to the door which gave egress from the cashier's room to the passage. "It was slight, but a suspicious kind of noise. Guided by the sound, I went close to it—to the door, I mean—and then I heard voices whispering. The door is so thick, and they spoke in such a low tone, that I could not make out a single word they said; but I could hear that it was two men talking—and that they were picking the lock. Oh, Mr. Warwick, if I had only had the presence of mind to keep perfectly quiet, so as to let them think I was asleep, and come in, I might have slipped out while they were busy picking the lock of the vault door, and obtained assistance to come and take them before they got the money. Mr. Marks always takes the vault key, and the keys of the safes, home with him at night—and the opening of them must have been a tough job. If only I had had the presence of mind! But all I thought of at the minute was to scare them off or kill them—I didn't care which. Like a fool as I was, I didn't even wait to light the candle, but called out just where I stood, 'I hear you, you thieves! I've got a revolver, and if you want me to send you to the devil, just come on!' They took me at my word quicker than I expected. I had started once more to go after the light—but before I was half-way across the room, the door was burst open, and when I turned I just caught one glimpse of two men as they rushed in, by the light of a lantern one of them carried. It was a dark lantern, and he shut it as soon as he saw that I had no light—I heard the door pushed shut, and one of them said, 'You stand against it, while I do for this bragging rascal.' I don't remember ever being afraid of anybody before in my life, Mr. Warwick; but it was an awful feeling that I had then—expecting every minute to be seized in the dark, and not knowing how I could defend myself, and, above all, how I could save the money! I knew if they killed me they'd have every thing their own way. Well, the thought flashed through my mind that if I could get into my own room and fasten the door—it locks on the inside—I might manage to escape out of the window, before they could break open the door, and, once out in the moonlight, I could give the alarm, or at least fight them if they followed me. I was barefooted, and had the advantage of them in that—as I made

no noise in moving. But it was pitch dark, and I somehow got turned round in my head as to the direction of my room-door. Instead of going toward it as I intended, I went the opposite way, and suddenly came thump against the counter. The villain that was after me heard it, and I heard him coming toward me. I ought to have kept out of his way; but, instead of that, I fired at random in the direction of the noise he made in approaching, which is the very worst thing I could have done—for of course he was not hit, and the flash of the pistol as it went off showed him exactly where I stood. All was so confused after this, I can scarcely recall any thing about it. I fired twice, and the last thing that I can remember was, just as I was pulling the trigger for the third time, both the scoundrels jumped on me. I fought like mad, but I think it couldn't have been long before they overpowered me. I felt a sudden blow here—he put his hand to the side of his forehead, which was ornamented with the yellow-and-black patches. "It seemed to me that a blaze of sparks flashed out of my eyes, and made a solid sheet of white flame before them that shut out every thing. The blow must have knocked me down and stunned me—for my mind don't go beyond seeing this white blaze for an instant, like a flash of lightning exactly. The next recollection I have is of coming to my senses gradually, and finding myself in pitch darkness and dead silence, tied neck and heels, aching all over from head to foot, and with a gag in my mouth. I tried at first to get up, but I couldn't budge an inch, I was tied so hard; and every movement I made seemed as if it would kill me with pain. As to my head, I really thought it would burst, it ached so! I think I was hardly in my right senses for some time—for, in spite of myself, I kept struggling to get loose, until I was almost strangled, besides suffering perfect agonies from the straining of my wrists and ankles, which had all the skin rubbed off of them." He held up his hands, exhibiting a pair of bandaged wrists, as he went on: "At last I lay quiet from exhaustion—and I couldn't begin to give you an idea of how much I suffered, and how long the time seemed, until Mr. Marks came in the morning. I thought morning never would come! I hope I may never, as long as I live, have such a time of it again! I knew the bank was robbed—and that it was my fault—because if I had only—"

"You are wrong," said Mr. Warwick, as the young man's voice faltered, and the tears again came into his eyes. "It was not your fault—you did your best—and that is all that can be required of any man, and you were willing to risk your life—and that is what every man would not do under similar circumstances. So, don't blame yourself unjustly. I am sure Marks don't blame you."

"No. He—"

"You say you saw the men?" interrupted Mr. Warwick, who was exceedingly impatient to come back to this point of Hugh's narrative, and had only constrained himself to listen to the rather verbose relation of the young man, in the hope of hearing something more about those personages. "Have you any suspicion of who they were?"

"I have a suspicion that I have seen one of them before, sir—though I couldn't be certain, as it was only just a single glimpse that I caught of them, before the lantern was shut."

"Who was it?" said Mr. Warwick, abruptly.

"I don't know his name, sir—he is a stranger hereabouts; that is, if I'm not mistaken about the person I'm thinking of. When I turned round, as the door was burst open, I saw the two men distinctly for an instant—that is, distinctly enough to take in a general idea of their appearance, and to see that they were black. But I felt sure then, and I'm still more sure, in thinking it over, that they were not negroes, but white men with their faces blacked."

"It is more likely," commenced Mr. Warwick, "that they wore—" crape masks, he was going to say—but stopped himself in time. "You are right, Hugh; they were certainly white men. This is not the sort of thing that negroes would undertake. And you think you recognized one of them?"

"I think so, sir. The one that was in front when I saw them was quite a tall man—as tall as, or taller than you are yourself, and stout in proportion; the other one, who had the lantern, was shorter and thick-set. Just about such a looking man as Mr. Shields." ("Not St. John—either of them!") thought Mr. Warwick, parenthetically. "It was the first one that I thought I recognized. I never saw him but once, and that was the day before the robbery—"

"Yesterday, then."

"Yes, it was yesterday, though it seems to me a good deal longer ago. Well, this man came into the bank, while Mr. Marks was gone to dinner, with a very ragged five-dollar bill that he wanted a new note for."

"And did he get it?—did you take the bill?"

"No, sir, I couldn't. It was no bill of ours, but one of the 'Commercial Bank of A.'s' notes. I thought it was strange that the man should be so stupid as not to know that a bank has nothing to do, in this way, with any but its own issues; but I explained the matter to him; and he seemed very hard to understand. I felt a little out of patience at having to go over and over my explanation; and all the while I was talking, he stood staring round the room, and at me, in a very curious way. I noticed that he stayed a great deal longer than there was any necessity for; and seemed inclined to stay still longer, if I had not told him that, if that was all he wanted, I was sorry I could not accommodate him, and that he must excuse my going back to my writing, as I was busy. He went away then."

"And you think this was one of the burglars?"

"I think so, sir; but I wouldn't take oath to it. There was some thing about the tallest of the two scoundrels that at once brought this stranger to my mind; but it might have been merely his height."

"The voice—did you notice that?"

"No sir. I was in too much of a flurry to think of noticing that. And I only heard him speak once."

"Was his dress the same as that of the stranger?"

Hugh shook his head. "Both of the burglars had on blanket overcoats. The stranger who came about the money was dressed in black."

"He was not a gentleman, I suppose?"

"Well, I can hardly say," answered Hugh, hesitatingly. "His dress was rather shabby; but still, so far as that was concerned, he might have passed for a gentleman. But there was something in his face, a hang-dog sort of look, that—but, on the whole, I suppose, yes"—rather doubtfully—"I suppose he was a gentleman. And I can't believe that he did not know better than he pretended about the bill. I think he made that an excuse to get in and take a look at the bank, and find out all he could. I saw him looking very hard at the door of the vault there. And he shut the room-door when he went out, though he found it standing open. And then, he didn't walk out at once, but stopped so long in the passage that I went and opened the door to see what on earth he was about. He walked away when he heard me coming, I suppose, for he was just going out of the front door when I stepped into the passage."

"All this does look very suspicious," said Mr. Warwick. "Did it occur to you, at the time, that he might have evil intentions?"

"No, sir. Such an idea never entered my head. All I thought was that he must be some idler who had nothing to do himself, and was loafing about, disturbing other people at their work. He had a dissipated appearance; indeed, he looked to me more like a gambler than any thing else."

"And have you made any inquiries about him, as to who and what he is, and whether he is in town yet?"

"Oh, yes, sir—we've tried to find out something about him, but nobody seems to know any thing at all. As soon as I told Mr. Marks this morning what I've just been telling you, he tried his best to trace up the fellow; and so did a good many other people. The whole town's been in a great excitement, as you may suppose, Mr. Warwick."

"Did you, or anybody, go to the hotel and inquire if the man had been there?"

"Mr. Hilliard was here himself, and Mr. Marks asked him, the first thing, whether a man like the one I described had been at his hotel. He said not; and nobody seems to have seen him except little Jimmy Powell, who thinks this must have been the man that came into his father's store yesterday, about dinner-time, and bought a penknife from him."

"And what has Marks—"

Mr. Warwick paused, as he heard the sound of approaching footsteps. The next moment, Cyrus entered with some letters which he gave to his master, who, after glancing at the address of each, put all but one of them into his pocket. That one he opened at once, and read it with evident satisfaction. "Give me a sheet of paper, and pen and ink, Hugh, if you please," he said, as he refolded it. Carefully sealing it up and addressing it, he handed it to Cyrus, saying, "Take a horse and go with this at once to Morton House. Ask to see Mrs.

Gordon yourself, and give it into her own hand. Now, don't lose it—for your life, Cyrus! It is of the greatest importance."

"Yes, sir."

"Have you had your supper?" said Mr. Warwick, calling him back as he was leaving the room.

"No, sir."

"Then go home and get it before you carry that letter; but don't be all night over it, for I want the letter delivered as soon as possible. And remember what I told you this afternoon—about gossiping."

"Yes, sir—I ain't forgot."

"Talking of supper, I expect I have been keeping you from yours, Hugh?" said Mr. Warwick, as Cyrus finally disappeared.

"Oh, I'm not in a hurry—I'm not at all hungry," answered the young man.

"You ought to be, then," said Mr. Marks, entering the door in time to hear the last sentence, "for you had no dinner any more than myself.—Well, Warwick," he continued, as he shook hands with his brother-in-law, who rose to meet him, "you come back to find me a ruined man."

"Not so bad as that, I hope," said Mr. Warwick, gazing hard at the face before him, which, by the dim light of the single candle, looked pale and haggard, as he had never seen it before. "It is an ugly business, I must admit," he went on; "but giving up is not the way to mend it. We must go to work and find the thieves and the money."

"That's easier said than done," replied Mr. Marks, sitting down with an air of hopeless dejection. "We've been trying all day to do something toward it, and have not succeeded in gaining the least trace to begin with. And the infernal scoundrels have got a clear start on us of sixteen or eighteen hours, at least."

"Why, surely you have sent out advertisements of the robbery to all the papers in the State, and notified the bank to stop payment of the notes stolen?" said Mr. Warwick.

"Oh, yes; I sent off special messengers not an hour after I found out the robbery. But the thieves are not likely to let the grass grow under their feet. Of course, they'll get out of the State as fast as they can.—Hugh, why don't you go to supper?"

"I'd rather stay and hear what Mr. Warwick thinks ought to be done," answered Hugh.

"I'm afraid nothing can be done to-night," said Mr. Warwick. "But, when you come back, you shall hear if we have decided on any thing."

Upon this hint, Hugh, who took his meals at a boarding-house not far off, finally went to his long-deferred supper; and Mr. Warwick inquired what was the amount of money stolen. "A hundred thousand dollars, Shields told me, but I suppose that is an exaggeration?" he said.

"Yes; the amount did not reach that figure. There was twenty-four thousand and eighty dollars in specie, a package of fifty thousand in notes still in the sheet, and thirteen hundred and twenty-seven dollars in bills that have been in circulation," answered Mr. Marks, with his usual preciseness, but by no means his usual brisk, hearty tone.

"And you sent off at once to the bank, and all its branches, giving the numbers of the notes?"

"I did every thing that could be done in that way. I sent messengers right off express to our bank and branches; and I wrote by mail to all the other banks in the State, and in the neighboring States, giving a list of the numbers of the notes, even down to the one-dollar bills. Powell, and Gibbs, and Williamson, and Horton, were here all the morning, assisting Hugh and myself with the writing—copying the lists and the advertisements—and Burgess kept the mail open to the minute the stage was starting, to put the letters in. I have offered, on my own responsibility, a reward of five thousand dollars for the recovery of the whole of the money; or a thousand for the detection of the thieves, and recovery of any considerable part of it."

"So far, very well," said Mr. Warwick. "And how about trying to detect the thieves yourself? Did you examine closely the scene of their operations?—and could nothing be found to afford a clue?"

"The whole town, pretty near, were examining—"

"You ought not to have permitted that. The thief or thieves themselves might have been among the number, for aught you know, to see if they had left any thing behind them, and to secure it if they had."

"No danger of that," answered Mr. Marks. "Hugh saw the thieves,

and he says one of them was very tall—over six feet, he is sure—and the other was short and heavy built. There was nobody here that would answer to either description, and nobody that we didn't know. Just our own town-folk. I wouldn't have let strangers come about, of course."

"And how do you know but that the robbery may have been committed by some of our own town-folk?"

Mr. Marks shook his head. "There are some trifling men in Tallahoma, it's true; but I don't believe there's one that would be bad enough for a thing of this sort."

Mr. Warwick rose and took up the candlestick.

"Get another light, and come with me, will you? I should like to look at the vault myself," he said.

Mr. Marks did as requested. He took from the mantel-piece another candle, lighted it, produced a bunch of keys from his pocket, and proceeded across the room to a heavy-looking door set in a deep recess in the wall.

"The lock was picked, but I had another put on, though it looks very much like locking the stable after the horses are stolen," he said, as he opened the door.

Descending a narrow flight of steps that ran down against the wall, with a balustrade to protect it on the outside, they held the lights forward, and Mr. Warwick took a survey of the place. It was a small, vaulted cell rather than room, not more than eight feet by twelve, with two huge safes standing against the wall opposite the stairs. Substantial safes they were for the period, but not cast-iron, and not burglar-proof, as their present melancholy condition proved. The doors of both were wide open; but while one of them retained its contents, consisting of piles of ledgers, labelled boxes, and bundles of papers of all sizes (which had evidently been roughly handled and thrust back in utter confusion), the shelves of the other were bare.

Mr. Warwick examined the whole place with the most minute care. First, he held his candle within the empty money-safe, running his eye, and even passing his hand, over every square inch of surface on the two shelves above, and taking the drawer which was fitted between the lower shelf and the floor of the safe, for the reception of specie, clean out of its place, in order to make an effectual search.

"You'll find nothing," said Mr. Marks, who had stood by watching these proceedings with an expression of face in which apathy and impatience were rather singularly blended.

"Don't let me detain you," said Mr. Warwick, reading this expression. "I dare say you are right, but still I want to satisfy myself by a thorough examination. You were all excited this morning, of course, and may have overlooked some little matter—there is somebody coming in, I think. Had you not better go and see, Richard? I will be up presently."

"I suppose it's Hugh," replied Mr. Marks; "but I'll go."

Left alone, Mr. Warwick next subjected the floor of the vault to as close an inspection as that which he had bestowed on the safe, until he was convinced that no object, though it had been only the size of a pin, could have escaped his observation. He then took in hand the safe containing the documents. Every separate volume, every box, and each package of papers, passed under the scrutiny of his keen eye and industrious fingers. But, as Mr. Marks had predicted, he found nothing.

It was with a sense of decided, though even to himself unacknowledged, discouragement, that he remounted the stairs to the room above. Mr. Marks was sitting in a drooping attitude, with his eyes, but not his thoughts, fixed on the clerk, who knelt upon the hearth, trying to ignite a hopeless-looking pile of wood which he had just put on the andirons. In their excitement and preoccupation of mind, both himself and his principal had forgotten the fire that afternoon—the more readily, as the day had been a very mild one. But the evening closed in cold; and poor Hugh, who was feeling almost as wretchedly in body as in mind, shivered at the cheerless aspect of the apartment, as much as at its chilly temperature, when he returned from his boarding-house. The hearth, that always gave forth such a cheerful glow and warmth, was cold and dark now—like the ill-fortune that had so unexpectedly come upon them, he could not help thinking—though he was not addicted to a poetical turn of thought usually.

Mr. Warwick walked up to his brother-in-law and laid his hand on his shoulder kindly. "Take my advice, Richard," he said. "Go home and go to bed. There's nothing more for you to do here; and

you look thoroughly used up. I want to ask Hugh a few questions about his visitors of last night; but I shall not be long. Tell Bessie, if you please, to have some hot coffee ready for me—I have had no dinner."

"I can wait for you," said Mr. Marks.—"By-the-way, Hugh, hadn't you better have got somebody to stay with you to-night?"

"What for?" demanded Hugh, coloring with boyish mortification. "There's no such good luck as that those villains should take it into their heads to come back. I only wish they would. I'd know how to deal with them this time!"

"And," pursued Mr. Marks, who was a kind-hearted man, considerate of the comfort of those about him, and feeling now some self-reproach as he remembered how little attention he had paid to the pains and bruises which the clerk had incurred, though unavailingly, in the discharge of his duty—"and I don't believe Tom has been here to attend to your room to-day, has he?"

"Yes, sir, he came this morning, but it was while the house was full, and every thing in confusion; so I told him to never mind about it."

"I'll go and send him now, then.—You might as well come with me, John. It must be getting late, and I should think that, as you had no dinner, you'd be hungry."

"I am. But waiting a little longer makes no difference; and I must take a look at Hugh's room. It is only eight o'clock," he added, consulting his watch. "I will follow you in half an hour, or less time, perhaps."

Mr. Marks made no further remonstrance, but rose, said good-night, and departed.

"Now, Hugh, let me see your room," said Mr. Warwick. "I am glad that it has not been meddled with. Did you look about to find it—Humph!" he exclaimed, as at this moment he stepped into the apartment in question, which adjoined the cashier's room. "Humph!"

It was a comfortless-looking dormitory at present, certainly. The bedclothing, including the mattresses, had been tumbled off one side of the French bedstead, and lay in a disordered heap upon the floor, which was strewn with strips and fragments resembling hospital-linen, for much of it was crumpled and bloody, like soiled bandages. Hugh explained that he had been tied down to the bedstead itself, which, no doubt, was bared for that purpose. The sheets had been torn up, and twisted into a rough imitation of rope, with which he was bound.

"The scoundrels seemed to understand their business," said the young man. "You see they made notches in the side of the bedstead here near the head, to keep the bands I was tied with from slipping."

Mr. Warwick bent over, and looked closely at the spot pointed out. The bedstead was of walnut-wood, and the notches appeared to have been cut into it without difficulty, as they were at least an inch deep. "The wood is soft," he remarked. "This looks as if it had been cut with a pocket-knife."

He stepped toward the foot of the bed as he spoke, and again leaned down to examine whether there were notches there too. There was one great gash—obviously the commencement of a notch—but that was all. In holding the candle so that the light would fall full upon this, Mr. Warwick's eye was attracted to a small, glittering object upon the carpet just at the side of the bed, and, stooping, he picked it up.

"What is it?" cried Hugh, as the lawyer uttered a slight exclamation.

"A fragment of the blade of a knife," answered Mr. Warwick, quietly, but his eyes sparkled. "Something may be made of this, I hope," he added, examining it eagerly.

"Oh, do you really think so, Mr. Warwick?" said Hugh, joyfully.

"I hope so. It was broken in the attempt to make that notch."

"And you think, sir, you can trace them out by it?"

"I shall try. It is a point to begin with; and in an affair of this kind, as in every thing else, the first step is almost always the most difficult. I shall sleep the better to-night for having found this little bit of metal. Here—hold this candle a minute!"

Hugh extended a hand trembling with excitement for the candle, and Mr. Warwick took out his pocket-book and carefully placed the broken blade in an inner compartment of it.

"Don't be too sanguine," he said to Hugh, as he fastened the clasp, and returned the book to his pocket. "And don't mention my

having found this to any body—least of all, to Marks—for it may turn out nothing. But," he added, as he saw Hugh's face fall at these words, "I think it is a clew. Good-night. There's Tom coming, and I'll go. Oh, don't have any sweeping done to-night. I will be here early in the morning, and we can then make a more careful search of the room, and may possibly find something else. I don't like to keep my sister waiting for me so long; and this does very well for a beginning. Mind, Hugh, that you hold your tongue!"

"I will, Mr. Warwick."

"You are not afraid of another call from your friends, the burglars?"

"Afraid? I should think not!" cried the young man, flushing, and half offended by the question.

"Well, good-night," said Mr. Warwick. "Here's Tom."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE THREE CHARMS.

"JOHN, why do you always wear those three charms?" I asked, leaning back in my luxurious lounging-chair, and taking a deliberate survey of my friend John Morison.

"These?" he said, with the rising inflection, toying, as he spoke, with a curious golden key, an enamelled heart, and a tiny hand, whose thumb and first finger clasped a pure round pearl—"these? Oh, for good luck! These are my amulets, my talismans. I could not do without them."

"Nonsense, man!" I answered, knocking the ashes from my cigar into a quaint bronze tray that this same friend had brought me from Pompeii. "I advise you to make them over to your youngest nephew. The bawbles are pretty enough. But have not you and I outlived the age of gewgaws?"

"Do you think so?" he rejoined, quickly. "But I tell you these are not gewgaws. These trinkets have certain magical properties of their own. They were charmed ages ago—before the flood, it may be—when, as crude metals, they were hidden in the bowels of the earth, to be ministers of good to me."

"Then 'thereby hangs a tale,'" I said, "and this is the very time to tell it. You do not care to hear Nilsson this gusty, rainy night, and Booth will keep. We will have 'The Tale of the Three Talismans,' or 'The Story of the Magic Charms,' instead."

My friend laughed.

"Do you really want to hear it? Ah, Phil, how this carries me back to the old days when you and Ned and poor Tom Wilson used to tease me for ghost-stories!"

"In your uncle's big barn? I have no hay-mow for you to-night, John. And Ned is a tea-merchant in China; and Tom is under the sod. But this bachelor den of mine is a cozy place, and we will make the most of it while you tell your story to one listener instead of three."

So I brought forth the dressing-gowns and slippers, heaped more coal upon the grate, drew the curtains closer, wheeled the arm-chairs nearer to the fire; and then, while the wind whistled without, and the wild rain beat against the window-panes, I listened to

JOHN MORISON'S STORY.

The last year of my consulate at Genoa was inexpressibly tedious. I had grown tired of Italy—tired of its splendid decay, of its magnificent ruins; its palaces, gray with age, and peopled with the ghosts of the departed; of its galleries, dark with the shadows of centuries; tired of famous statues, headless or armless, as the case might be; of world-renowned pictures, which one could hardly see for the gathered dust of years—tired, even, of its blue skies and riotous verdure. I had grown weary of the persistent presence of the pale, dead, formless past, and yearned to feel again the pulses of the living present. I yearned for our fresh, free, vigorous Western life—our new civilization, rough and crude in some of its aspects, prosaic and practical rather than ideal; yet strong, sturdy, progressive, honest. I was tired of "whited sepulchres," grand and beautiful to look upon, yet within—I spare you the rest of the quotation.

My successor came at last. I had handed over to him the key of the office, and all important papers and documents. My trunks were packed, and my passage taken in the steamer for Nice. On Wednes-

day I should be off, and I devoted Tuesday to a last, long ramble through the streets and environs of "Genova la Superba."

Genoa the proud, Genoa the superb! Probably because "blessings brighten as they take their flight," she never seemed to me to sit so proudly on her throne by the sea, to carry herself so superbly, as she did that day. From morning till night I walked and mused as one in a dream, and at sunset found myself at the western pier, the Molo Nuovo, at the foot of the great light-house of Louis XII. As I stood there, the revolving, flashing light streamed out across the bay, and I knew that mariners thirty miles off sang aves to the Virgin as they hailed its beams. I ascended the tower for one last look at the beautiful city, and to watch the shadows as they deepened and darkened over the sea; then came down and drove a bargain with an extortioner in the shape of a boatman, who demanded thrice what the law allowed him for taking me back to my lodgings. While I waited for him to make ready, my eye was caught by something glittering upon the dock, just in the edge of the strong red rays that streamed from the light-house tower.

It was this little gold key, dropped, doubtless, by some one of the throng of travellers who visit the light-house. It was quaint and curious, odd in design and workmanship, but not intrinsically valuable. To find its owner would be harder than the proverbial search for the needle in the haystack. So, as a memento of that last night in Genoa, I fastened the bawble to my watch-chain, and thought no more about it.

That is, I thought no more about it until the next day, when I sat upon the deck of the steamer that was speeding on its way toward Nice. Then it attracted my attention again, and I examined it more closely. Look at it. You perceive that the body of the key—the handle, so to speak—is in the form of an ancient harp, and of convenient size, not smaller than an ordinary watch-key. But the key proper, the part fitted to the wards of the lock, is of almost infinitesimal proportions.

It was no toy. Strongly made and exquisitely finished, the tiny thing was evidently designed for use rather than ornament. To whom did it belong? What fair hand had held it? Over what treasure had it kept guard? and whom had it now treacherously deserted? Thus I mused and questioned as the hours wore on.

We read of the "depravity of inanimate things." But, if you will suggest the word that is the exact opposite of depravity, I will apply it forthwith to this little key of mine. Three times before I reached America the Fates tried to rob me of it, and thrice it restored itself, or was restored to me: once in Paris, once in London, and once in Queenstown. I began at last to have almost a superstitious feeling as to this waif that fell at my feet as I left Genoa, and to feel that in some way my interests or happiness were connected with it. At all events, the last time it escaped me, I went into a jeweller's shop, procured a strong split ring, and fastened it securely to my watch-guard.

The first person whom I saw when we landed at New York was Lawrence Peverly. You remember Lawrence? That tall, splendid, hazel-eyed fellow who was in the class below us in college. He was stroke-oar in the university boat, and took one of the honors when he graduated. You don't recall him? Well, it's no matter. He was a promising young lawyer at that time, and was engaged to my sister Jule. He died last year, poor fellow! But he rushed up to me that morning in the old, impulsive way, eager to be congratulated, for the engagement was yet in its blissful infancy.

It was in July, and the city was terribly hot. They were all at Newport, he said, my mother, Jule, and the little boys, and the house in West Fourteenth Street was shut up. He was going up himself by the night-boat, to stay over Sunday, and my mother had given him strict orders not to allow me to remain in town for a single night.

"Partly on account of the heat, and mostly because she is in a hurry to see her son, I reckon," he said, laughing. "But will you go up with me this evening?"

Of course, I assented. If my household gods had flown to Newport, there was nothing for me to do but follow after. So we went.

My mother—you remember her, Phil, and will pardon me if I digress a little here—was a stately, gentle lady of the old school, who was in the world, and yet not of it. She was above fashion, while yet she did not ignore nor condemn it. Living in her own cottage with her own servants, the current of gay life flowed on around her, sometimes amusing, but seldom disturbing her. She saw as much of it, or as little, as she chose. But the choicest spirits of that choice

place recognized and clustered about her; and, sooner or later, one was sure to see in her small drawing-room all who were best worth seeing of the notabilities gathered there.

The cottage was small, as all those summer nests are, and the members of the family already established there filled it to overflowing. I took up my abode at the nearest hotel, and came and went at my own pleasure, having the freedom of the house at all hours. Lawrence made frequent runs back and forth, to the unfeigned delight of his *fiancée*; and, at last, when the August heats grew intense, and the city was practically deserted, came to us for the rest of the season.

I need not tell you of the golden days that followed. You know the subtle charm that invests Newport, the spell that it casts over all who are once drawn within its circle. Suffice it to say that we were a happy, merry party, enjoying every thing from the "incessant sobbing of the sea," the wide, wide sweep of the ocean-waves, the intense blue of the sky, the glory of starlit nights, down to the splendid equipages and gayly-dressed people upon the avenue.

One morning as I sat with my mother in her little dressing-room, one window of which overlooked the bay, Jule came in from a call upon some people at the Ocean House.

"What do you think, mamma?" she said. "Who do you suppose has engaged rooms over yonder?"

"I am sure I cannot tell," was the answer, "unless it may be the King of the Cannibal Islands, or his royal highness the Prince of Timbuctoo. All the rest are here now."

"But, you know, 'Satan came after,'" I remarked, as I relinquished my seat to Julia, "and the end is not yet. Who is it, little one?"

"It is mamma's old friend, Colonel Temple," she said; "rooms are bespoken for Colonel Eugene Temple, his wife and daughter, and they are expected to-night.—That is the name, is it not, mamma? I am not mistaken?"

"Eugene Temple was my old friend's name," she answered, "and this is probably the man. But he must get his title by hereditary claim, for he has never been in the army. His father and grandfather were *bona-fide* colonels, however, the one in the War of 1812, and the other in the Revolution, and, the chief of the clan having so long borne that title, it probably descends to him by courtesy. I shall be glad to see them."

"Why have we never met, if Colonel Temple is so old a friend?" I asked.

"He has been abroad for some years," was the reply—"connected with some foreign embassy. He came home about two years since, I believe; but his wife is a semi-invalid, and they have remained quietly at their country-seat somewhere in Pennsylvania ever since. One loses track of one's early friends as the years go by"—and a slight shadow swept over my mother's gentle face as she spoke.

Of course, after this conversation I was on the watch for the newcomers. I had some shrewd suspicions—increased by sundry other words that were dropped that day—that there had been some love-passages between my mother and Colonel Temple in their young days; and I felt a little natural curiosity about the man who, had the Fates been propitious, might have been my father. So, when I went down to breakfast the next morning, I earnestly scanned all the new faces. But there were only two or three young dandies, fresh from Broadway and faultlessly attired; a pair of newly-wedded lovers, whose brows were perceptibly crowned with the soft radiance of the honey-moon; and one old lady, in black silk and spectacles. The party for whom I looked had apparently not arrived, and I proceeded to break my eggs with great composure.

But presently there was a slight stir at the door, and the steward, with even more than his usual *empressment*, rushed forward, bowed, smiled, and waved to their seats two persons whom I knew at once to be Colonel Temple and his daughter. The invalid wife breakfasted in her own apartment.

Their seats were just below me, on the opposite side of the table. A handsome, dignified, gray-haired gentleman, with decidedly the air noble. He looked worthy to be, or to have been, the friend of my noble mother; and, having always been fond of the companionship of elderly men, I at once resolved that he should be the friend of her son. As for the young lady who sat so unconsciously beside him, now sipping her coffee, and now looking quietly off over the bay to the far horizon, where two or three sails hovered like great sea-gulls, it was not so easy to make up one's mind. She was apparently about

twenty; a tall, pale girl, with brown hair and eyes, and a mouth that was at once strangely firm and strangely sweet. Her hair rippled back over small, shell-like ears, and was fastened in one large coil, and she wore a plain white morning-dress, with a little frill of soft lace at the throat. Her only ornament was a heart-shaped locket of blue enamel on a ground of gold, suspended from a black ribbon. She remained at the table but a few moments, and then, speaking to her father in a low tone while he smiled and nodded, she quietly left the room.

Beautiful? Well, no. Not in the ordinary acceptation of the word. Not beautiful in the sense that my sister Jule was beautiful. Jule was all glow and light and color; her hair was woven gold that really glittered in the sunlight; her complexion was the purest, softest blending of snow and carmine; and her eyes had the deep, unfathomable blue of the June heavens. People raved about her—went wild over her; and as for Lawrence, he thought God's blessed angels could not be so fair. But it was chiefly color after all, and her sweet, childlike, bewitching ways.

Margaret Temple was cast in an entirely different mould. No two women could have been more utterly unlike. In moments of repose she had absolutely no color, and her eyes were shadowed eyes, that only shone when the soul looked out of them. She had none of the airs and graces, the unconscious, bird-like plumage that sat so charmingly upon Jule. Yet she had a simple, quiet, womanly grace of her own, and a gentle dignity that never forsook her. The beauty of her face lay in its expression, and that varied with her every mood. One never knew what to expect, for she was never twice alike. Ordinarily quiet and calm, under the influence of some high thought or earnest feeling, under the spell of music, the power of eloquent words, written or spoken, her whole being would kindle, her great dark eyes light up, her cheeks crimson, her lips grow tremulous, until she stood before you crowned with all the majestic beauty of a sibyl. I have seen her when I thought her the most gloriously beautiful woman I had ever beheld.

You smile, Phil, anticipating my story. But, of course, you know what I have no intention of denying, that as the long, bright summer days went on, and we were thrown together in the close companionship that grew out of the old family intimacy, I learned to love this "rare, pale Margaret," as I had never loved before—as I could never hope to love again. I was thirty years old, and I had outlived, or outgrown, much of my old boyish romance. But this was something stronger, better, holier than romance—something that, whether it brought me joy or sorrow, I could never regret. It was of infinite worth to one's manhood to have known and loved such a woman as Margaret Temple, even if one loved vainly.

But did I love vainly? I could not tell. I did not "wear my heart upon my sleeve," that the gossips might peck at it. Neither did she so wear hers. Yet I soon discovered that she was not one of those women who claim every man as a lover, and regard every act or word of friendship as an indication of a warmer feeling lying *perdu*. She held at its right valuation all the persiflage and small-talk of society; and its compliments and honeyed phrases awayed her no more than the idle blowing of the wind. Whatever man would woo her must dare his fate bravely, and say "I love you," with no uncertain sound. I felt all this, yet knew that the "fulness of time" had not yet come. It was not yet time for me to speak, or to disturb the maiden calm that did not tremble at my approach.

Early one morning we four, Julia and Lawrence, Miss Temple and myself, took a little boat and sailed off over the bay for old Fort Louis. How beautiful it all was—the wonderful coloring of sea and sky, the far amethystine hills, the changing shadows, the light, the glow, the sparkle, the phantom-ships in the distance, the fishing-boats that danced near by—how beautiful were all these I need not tell you, for you have seen them. At length we reached the ruined tower, which Nature has so taken to her heart again, and climbed the high rocks and the crumbling parapet. Above us, as we stood upon the lofty height, hung the wide blue heavens; below us stretched the wide blue sea. Around us sea-birds soared and swept; below us white-winged schooners passed exultantly, while hosts of smaller boats plied to and fro; and in the distance three large ships sailed slowly out to sea, bound mayhap for the farthest Ind.

At length Miss Temple brought forth, from some unknown receptacle, a minute sketch-book.

"Mercy!" cried Jule, gazing about her with wide eyes, "you

are not going to put all *this* on a bit of paper six inches square?"

"Not I," was the laughing answer. "'Is thy servant a'—dunce—that she should do this thing?' But, if you don't object, I should like to get that little rocky inlet yonder, with the boy in the fishing-boat, and the lonely sea-gull hovering overhead."

Jule nestled on the grass beside her friend for a few moments, watching the rapid strokes of the pencil.

"How can you do it?" she said at length, rising and readjusting her hat. "That boy looks as if he was alive already.—Come, Lawrence, let us go down and try our luck fishing." And the lovers strolled off together.

I threw myself upon the turf at Miss Temple's feet, while she went silently on with her work. I was utterly content that morning. Speech seemed idle and useless. It was enough to be near her in that golden sunshine, that enchanted solitude, in which the world seemed so near and yet so remote. At length a sudden flaw of wind lifted the broad brim of her hat, and sent it sailing to the ground. As she stooped to recover it, I raised myself for the same purpose, and one long, loose tress of her brown hair fell across my breast, entangling itself in the little Genoan key that still hung from my watch-guard.

Laughing a little, while a soft rose-tint crept over the cheek that was so near my own, she strove to disengage herself. But presently she said:

"I am a close prisoner, Mr. Morison—bound in chains. I think you will have to cut off the recreant lock that has so betrayed its trust."

"It is not necessary to use such extreme measures," I replied. "Let me try my skill. I think I can set you free."

Her soft hair fell over my hand; her pure breath fanned my cheek; the odor of violets, that always hung about her, filled the air with a faint perfume. She was so near me that I could have clasped her to my heart with scarce a change in our relative positions. If I could but have held her thus a prisoner forever!

But her fluttering color warned me to be expeditious; and, after a moment's vain attempt to loosen the hair, I said:

"If you will be still for another second, I can remove the key from the split ring that holds it, and you can disentangle it at your leisure."

It was but the work of an instant, and then, with the key swinging from the brown masses of her hair, she sat down to remove it with fingers that I could but perceive were unwontedly tremulous. Suddenly a low cry escaped her.

"Mr. Morison," she said, looking up excitedly, "what key is this? Where did you get it?"

"Whose it is, or what it is, are questions I cannot answer," I replied. "But I found it in Genoa, just at the foot of the great lighthouse on the western pier. It is an odd little thing, isn't it?"

She examined it curiously, with an eager haste that surprised me.

"It is the strangest thing I ever heard of," she said, looking at me with an air of vague bewilderment. "Mr. Morison, that is my key. I lost it on the wharf, or dock, at Liverpool, two years ago."

"It is hardly possible," I answered. "There must be two—"

"But it is possible. See here!" and, slipping aside a little golden band, she showed me the initials of her name, M. T., engraved in minute characters. "And it unlocks this."

She took the enamelled locket from her neck, inserted the key, and the heart-shaped thing flew open, revealing small pictures of her father and mother on either side. There they are, Phil, the key and the heart! You can see for yourself their delicate workmanship.

I was struck dumb with astonishment; and Miss Temple seemed no less so, as she sat there gazing alternately at the key and the heart, and now and then casting a puzzled glance at me. At length she said:

"Are you sure you found it in Genoa? Wasn't it in Liverpool, Mr. Morison?"

"Are you sure you lost it in Liverpool? Was it not in Genoa, Miss Temple?" was my response; and we both laughed merrily. Somehow this strange coincidence seemed a new tie between us.

"Let us try to account for this thing on philosophical principles," I said, at last. "If you lost the key in Liverpool and I found it in Genoa, how did it get to Genoa? That's the question."

"Fairies," she answered, "witches, spirits."

"Favoring breezes, sails, and sailors, more likely," I rejoined. "Miss Temple, were there any Italian vessels in the harbor that day?"

She thought a moment, then looked up with a quick smile.

"I believe you have really solved the mystery, Mr. Morison. An Italian merchantman was taking in lading just below us; and I remember noticing one remarkably handsome sailor who looked as if he might have stepped bodily out of one of the old pictures I saw in Venice."

"That tells the whole story," I answered. "You dropped the key, the handsome sailor found it. He, in turn, lost it in Genoa, and I found it; and now the Fates have restored it to you in this round-about way."

"You are right, doubtless," she said. "At least you have hit upon the only reasonable solution of the enigma. But it is, what one of my old teachers would have pronounced, a 'remarkable concatenation of events!'"

She leaned back against the rock, letting the forgotten sketch-book fall at her feet. The light breeze lifted her hair, her hands were clasped lightly in her lap, her eyes rested dreamily upon the far-off shores. What man who loved her could have helped taking advantage of the time, the mood, the circumstance?

"See what a strange thing hath come to pass!" I said, in a low voice. "From another continent I have brought to you the key that can unlock your heart. Does this mean nothing? Are we two to go our separate ways, as if this had not been?—Margaret!"

She gave me one swift glance, while the red blood rushed to her forehead in one tumultuous tide; then covered her face with her hands.

I leaned forward; I dropped upon one knee beside her, like a lover of the old chivalric days; I strove to gain possession of the hand that was nearest me.

"Look at me, Margaret! Speak to me, for—I love you," I whispered.

But she drew away from me, trembling violently.

"Stop, stop!" she cried; "you must not say this to me. I cannot bear it!"

I would have gone on in spite of what I regarded merely as natural womanly timidity; but she removed her hands from her face, and bent her dark eyes full upon me. Her lips were ashy pale.

When she spoke, it was in a voice that was inexpressibly sad and hopeless:

"Go away and leave me to myself for half an hour, my friend. Then come back to me, for I have something to tell you."

I obeyed her, silently. At the expiration of the half-hour I returned. Far below us Jule and Lawrence sat rocking in a little boat. Near us two birds swung on a bayberry-bush, cooing and twittering and singing love-songs.

She had been betrothed for two years—she was to be married the ensuing winter. That was the whole story. She had not mentioned her engagement because there seemed to be no reason for doing so, and—she was always slow to speak of that which most nearly concerned her.

"But," she added, "I shall never forgive myself for this reticence, if it has brought sorrow upon you. Believe me, when I say that I never dreamed that you cared for me, save as a friend, until to-day."

She said all this calmly, mechanically, as one repeats a lesson learned by rote. But, in her averted eyes, in the flushing and paling of her cheek, in the unnatural tension of her voice, I read the pain it caused her. Was the pain wholly for me? In the selfishness of my love I strove to solve this question.

"There is nothing for which you should blame yourself," I said. "The fault, if there be a fault, is mine alone. But out of your pity for the hopeless love I bear you, answer me this once. If we had met earlier—if—"

"Hush!" she cried, "hush! You must not ask that question. I must not answer it. It is not for us to know what might have been. It is enough that in six months I shall be a wife. You have no right to question me further. You shall not!"

May Heaven forgive me, but my heart gave one great bound—for I knew then that Margaret Temple loved me, and, for a moment, I exulted in the thought. Then my better self awoke, and a sense of pity for myself, of unutterable pity for her, swept over me.

"I will not say another word," I said, after a pause, during which I leaned my head against the solid rock, for it seemed to me that the very foundations of my life were giving way. "Not another word. But now tell me: shall I go or stay? Shall I leave Newport or not?"

She hesitated a moment, looking at me with clear, honest, though troubled eyes; then laid her hand frankly in mine.

"I wish you would go," she said. "I must stay here on my mother's account, and—it is not best that we should meet, Mr. Morison."

I raised her hand reverently to my lips, then relinquished it forever. The next day I left Newport.

Julia and Lawrence were married in October, and—so quickly do joy and sorrow alternate in this strange world—in two months thereafter, my mother died. The old home in West Fourteenth Street was broken up. The little boys were placed in a boarding-school in the city, with Julia's new home as a resource for half-holidays and vacations. No one needed me; it made not a particle of difference to any living being, as far as I could see, whether I lived or died. As January approached, and I knew that the time for Margaret Temple's marriage was drawing near, a strange restlessness took possession of me. I longed to put an ocean between us; yet I would not so wrong my manhood as to go wandering over Europe again, a mere *dilettante*—a purposeless vagabond. One night a sudden thought struck me, and forthwith I acted thereon.

"I am going into business," I said, the next morning, entering the counting-room of a friend. "Do you want me for a partner? I give you the first chance. I have so many thousands to put into the concern."

"Nothing would suit us better," said my friend. "We need another man and more capital."

"Agreed, then," I rejoined, "on condition that you send me to St. Petersburg to take charge of the business there."

"Very well. But why do you want to run away again? Have you become so thoroughly imbued with European ideas that you cannot be content in America?"

I made some evasive answer, and proceeded to the further discussion of business matters. In less than a fortnight I was on my way to Russia.

With the exception of my partners and one or two old college-friends who wrote me now and then, giving me news of "the boys," Julia was the only correspondent I had in America—and she was a poor one. As the months went by, and Lawrence, Jr., came to divide her attention with Lawrence, Sr., her rare letters were filled to overflowing with these two—"only this and nothing more." She never mentioned Margaret Temple, and I schooled my heart to think of her as a wife—doubtless a loving wife, who, in a happy marriage, had quite forgotten that golden month at Newport, and the troubled dream in which it ended. Yet none the less truly did I regret the "might have been;" none the less deeply did I feel the loss entailed upon my life.

But one morning of my second summer in St. Petersburg a letter was brought me in Julia's delicate handwriting. I opened it listlessly. Not that I did not love this little sister of mine; but I thought, ungrateful wretch that I was, that I could repeat it in advance, word for word. I knew all her rhapsodies over Lawrence and the baby, by heart, already.

As I glanced over the third page, however, a name met my eye which at once aroused me and sent the hot blood thrilling through my veins. This is what I read:

"Oh, John! did I ever remember to tell you that Margaret Temple was not married that winter, after all? And she is not married yet. I never quite understood the matter; but it seems that she and Mr. Asbury (that was the name, wasn't it?) arrived at the sage conclusion that they were not quite suited to each other, and there was a mutual giving up of their matrimonial plans. At all events, the gentleman consoled himself very easily, and married a Philadelphia belle in three months. I meant to have told you this before, for you always seemed interested in Margaret; but there is always so much to write about Lawrie, that I am apt to forget less important matters."

Phil! how does the man condemned to life-long imprisonment, shut out from hope and love and joy, feel when the prison-doors are opened and a free pardon is granted him? I know: and I am not ashamed to tell you that I dropped the letter upon the table and went

and kneeled down by my bed even as I had been used to kneel in my far-away boyhood, with my mother's hand upon my head. And there, with my face to the West, which was now the land of promise to my soul, I humbly thanked God that I had at least another chance of winning the one woman on earth who could make a home for me.

I rose from my knees, folded that precious letter, and put it in my breast-pocket, put on my hat, and went down-stairs. It was past business-hours; but I would go to the warehouse—that I might begin to put affairs in shape for my departure. For I must go home at the earliest possible moment; as soon as I could do so without compromising the interests of my partners.

What do you think? As I stepped into the street and stooped to brush a little dust from my pantaloons, right before me, in the dirt and mire of the crossing, lay this little golden hand, clasping a pearl in its slender fingers!

Did it mean nothing? On the shores of the Mediterranean I had found the key that could unlock Margaret Temple's heart. Here, in far St. Petersburg, in the very hour that told me she was free, this hand had dropped at my feet. Was not the pearl it held a type and symbol of what she should one day give me, the precious pearl of love?

I took heart of grace.

Two months from that day, at ten o'clock in the evening, I left the cars at Hilltop, near which was the residence of Colonel Temple; and the next morning, at as early an hour as was warrantable, I sallied forth in search of my friends. Just as I reached the outskirts of the village, whom should I see approaching me, as handsome, as stately, as genial as ever, but the colonel himself?

He grasped my hand warmly.

"Upon my soul," he said, "but this is an unexpected pleasure! Why, I have not seen you before since you ran away from us so suddenly that summer, at Newport. I thought you were in St. Petersburg. But go on up to the house, sir. I have business down-street, that will detain me for an hour or so. Mrs. Temple and Margaret will be delighted to see you."

"Colonel Temple," I said, "I came back from St. Petersburg for your daughter's sake. What have you to say about it?"

He looked at me earnestly.

"Do you love her?"

"Yes."

"Does she love you?"

"I do not know; but—I hope so!"

"Go on, then, and find out. We will talk about it when I come back."

I went on, reached the house, rang the door-bell, called for the ladies.

"Name, sir?" suggested the servant.

"It is no matter," I said; "say that one of their New-York friends has called to see them."

God forgive me! But I knew that Mrs. Temple was never visible at so early an hour; and I wanted to see Margaret's pale cheek flush and her eyes grow luminous at the sight of me.

I sat in the pleasant morning-room awaiting her appearance. The air was sweet with the breath of the violets she loved; soft October winds whispered amid the tree-tops gay with autumnal glories. I heard her footfall on the stairs—the rustling of her garments, as she waited a moment in the hall.

Ah! I saw all I had hoped to see—the sudden start of surprise; then the swift color; the lighting up of the shadowy brown eyes; the tremor of the sweet, sensitive mouth. I led her to a seat in the bay-window. I gave her—*this*.

"Margaret," I said, "I found this little golden hand in the streets of St. Petersburg, just as I had learned that you were free, and it was no sin to love you. I have brought it across the waters for your sake; I place it now in your keeping. If you give it to me again, I shall know that with it you give me what is infinitely more precious than pearls or gold—your love."

She sat with downcast eyes, nervously turning the little bawble in her fingers.

"I am waiting, Margaret," I whispered. "Am I to have my jewel back again?"

She did not turn toward me; but slowly, slowly, slowly her hand

crept nearer mine—nearer and nearer—until it lay like a rose-leaf in the broad palm outstretched to receive it.

Oh, thank God! I had won my pearl at last—my wife Margaret.

JULIA C. R. DORR.

"GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART!"

A TALE IN THREE PARTS.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON, AUTHOR OF "RED AS A ROSE IS SHE," ETC.

CHAPTER V.—WHAT JEMIMA SAYS.

A STEEP path, and steps cut on the hill's rough face, from the blinding-white high-road to the water's edge. A beautiful brown river washing the feet of the granite height, on which Dinan sits like a queen; Dinan's walls, and towers, and spires, looking down upon its lonely Rance. The Rance, that a little lower down will go stealing under the worn stone arches of the old bridge, and a little higher up came flowing beneath the great viaduct, that, with its ten giant arches, strides across the valley. At the landing-place, a little narrow four-oar, with a sharp nose, is lying, and around it four people talking.

"Of course, if you wish it, Lenore, we must go," I say, resigned, but gloomy, as I stand beneath a huge buff sunshade, which casts a becoming yellow light on my interesting face, clad in a dust-colored gown, and girl about the waist with a leathern bag—the impersonation of travelling Englishwomen. "But, if we *all* get in, we shall inevitably swamp it."

"It is only intended for three, *really*—two to row and one to steer," says Frederick, setting down a very large basket, under which he has been staggering along all the way from Middle-Leroux's. "But I thought that, perhaps, if Miss Jemima did not mind, one of us—the one that is lightest—Miss Jemima, for instance, might sit at the bottom of the boat, on shawls, and cloaks, and so forth, in the bows."

"It reminds one rather of Raphael's cartoon of 'The Miraculous Draught of Fishes,' does not it?" says Le Mesurier (for he is the fourth person) laughing, as he jumps into the little skiff, and deposits in it an immense stone jug of claret-cup. "The proportion in size between the Apostles and their boat is something like the present case.—Miss Herrick, if you are to sit in the bows, I'm afraid it will have to be upon the claret-cup."

"Frederick!" cries Lenore, from the lowest step, on which she is sitting, lifting up calmly-commanding eyes, and a little round cleft chin toward him; "suppose you solve the difficulty! Suppose you walk; it is charming along the towing-path; no wind, no flies, no nothing!"

"Of course, if you wish, Miss Lenore," looking rather blank, and still panting from the effects of his wrestle with the basket; "but—"

"You can add some more butterflies to your collection," continues my sister, in a wheedling voice. "I dare say you have got your green gauze scissors in your pocket; do you know?" (bringing the whole battery of her dimples to bear upon Mr. Le Mesurier), "he catches butterflies with a pair of green gauze scissors, and sticks pins in their poor fat bodies; how he reconciles it to his conscience and his bishop I don't know, but I suppose, like fishing, it is a form of cruelty purely clerical."

"It is rather hard to turn poor West out of his own boat, isn't it?" replies Le Mesurier, looking down on my sister more collectedly than men are in the habit of looking; nor, indeed, am I able to detect one grain of admiration or approbation in his cold blue eyes. He looks at her much as he looked at me. "I say, West, you weigh, I regret to say, at least five stone less than I do; you take my place. *I really and truly don't care a straw about it.*"

This last sentence, emphatically spoken, is intended for an aside; but I, who have a happy knack of overhearing things that I am not meant to overhear, catch it. Frederick's piece of information about his friend, "the society of respectable women always bores him—he makes no secret of it," recurs to my mind. He is doing his best to shirk two eminently respectable women at the present moment.

"Lenore!" cry I, reddening, as I feel, under my yellow umbrella;

"let us row ourselves; we have, at all events, got the mainstay of the entertainment—the tea-kettle and the claret-cup."

But Lenore frowns, and turns away.

"Perhaps, after all, I had better walk," says Frederick, uncertainly, glancing with uneasiness toward my sister's averted head. "Perhaps, after all, it is the best arrangement."

"Just as you please, of course," replies Le Mesurier, looking rather disappointed, while a little smile of contempt plays about his mouth, and the half inch of tanned cheek that his beard leaves visible. Lenore rises.

"As soon as this amiable contention as to who should show most alacrity in trying to avoid us is ended, perhaps some one will help me in," she says, rather sharply, and with a certain elevation in air of nose and chin. Le Mesurier gives her his hand; he does not rush forward to do so, as most men would in her case; does not tumble over his own legs in his precipitancy, like poor Frederick; only he is standing nearest her, and therefore he gives it her.

"Put your foot exactly in the middle; walk steadily; go to the stern; you had better steer!" he says, shortly, and rather austere.

Half an hour afterward, Frederick and his green umbrella are tramping disconsolately along the towing-path, and we are being sculled up-stream by an unwilling gentleman, upon whom we have forced ourselves, and who is longing to be rid of us. The sun pours down in broad golden rain upon the blinding bright river. Through the viaduct's great arches, towering up against the June sky, we see heaven's sapphire eyes looking. The air is astir with the winged families that live only a day, but whose one day is all joy. The sombre chestnut-woods that darkly clothe the steep slopes, run down to the river's side, as if hastening to drink; white-capped women are kneeling by the edge, washing linen, and beating it viciously on stones with wooden shovels; no wonder that there are jagged holes in one's cotton gowns when they come home from the laundress. Long blue dragon-flies sail slow and kingly among the flags and flowering rushes that grow along the river—that grow again, the same, only wrong way up, in the vivid, clear reflections. We are each of us rather silent, partly because we are hot, partly because we are none of us in a very good temper. Lenore leans over the side, and drags her bare right hand through the water, making our little cockle-shell lurch unpleasantly.

"You had better sit straight, Miss Herrick; it takes very little to destroy the equilibrium of this sort of boat," says Mr. Le Mesurier, rather dryly. Lenore does not appear to hear; she only leans a little farther over, and admires her own slim fingers, that look unnaturally, lucidly white, seen through the watery veil.

"For Heaven's sake, sit straight!" cries he, a second time, but much more energetically, as the gunwale of the boat comes almost on a level with the water. Lenore draws herself slowly up.

"Were you speaking to me?" she asks, with provoking coolness; "how could I tell? You said, 'Sit straight, Miss Herrick.' I am not Miss Herrick!"

"Miss Lenore, then. I will call you what you please, only for Heaven's sake sit still."

"I wonder you ever go in a boat, if you are so nervous," says my sister, tartly.

"I am not nervous, as you call it, when I am with people who behave rationally," replies he, coldly; "but I know that a mere touch will upset a boat of this kind, and I also know that, if it did upset, one of you two would infallibly drown, for I could not possibly save you both."

"One of us? Which of us?" cries my sister, and I see a mischievous devil come into her eyes as she begins to laugh, and to rock violently from side to side, "I must see which."

"Lenore! Lenore!" cry I, in an agony, clutching the sides of the boat, "stop, for Heaven's sake! I beg, I implore. Lenore! Lenore!"

But all in vain. Lenore only laughs and rocks the more. Mr. Le Mesurier says nothing, nor can I see the expression of his face, as I am sitting behind him; he only turns the boat's head toward shore, and half a dozen vigorous strokes of the oar bring us swish through a great company of stiff bulrushes to land. Mr. Le Mesurier jumps out.

"Miss Herrick," he says, gravely, "I shall be delighted to row you home this evening, but as I cannot answer for your life for five min-

utes, as long as your sister is in the boat, I should be very much obliged if you would get out now."

"Perhaps I was foolish," reply I, grasping my umbrella, and scrambling out on the oxcyed bank, "but I have such a horror of drowning."

CHAPTER VI.—WHAT THE AUTHOR SAYS.

"Now, Miss Lenore, I am quite at your service," says Le Mesurier, resuming his seat, taking the oars again, and pushing out into mid-stream. Lenore hangs her head, and dries her fingers with her pocket-handkerchief, but does not answer. "It was no doubt very spirited of you, trying to upset the boat, because your sister asked you not," continues he, sarcastically; "but as she did not seem to see it in the same light, I thought that the kindest thing I could do was to land her."

"Jemima is a coward," replies Lenore, pouting; "the only kind of boat she likes is a great broad-bottomed tub, that one might play leap-frog in without upsetting."

"I should think it would be the pleasantest kind of craft to go out boating with you in," rejoins he, with rather a queer smile; "but now, as I said before, I am quite at your service; upset me as soon as ever the spirit moves you."

"You give me *carte blanche*?"

"*Carte blanche*!"

"But if I did upset the boat," says Lenore, half laughing, half vexed—"I don't say that I am going—but if I did, your first care ought to be to pull me out."

"Ought it?"

"Oughtn't it?"

"I don't know what it ought to be," replies Paul, pulling leisurely along through the shining flood; "I know what it *would* be."

"What?"

"To pull myself out."

"You are like a man I heard of, who said one day to another man out hunting, 'Don't look behind, there are two women in the ditch, and if you look, you'll have to stop and pick them out.'"

"I was the man."

Leonore laughs. "You would let me drown, then?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Well, you are the only man in the world who could sit there and tell me so to my face," cries the girl, angry scintillations flashing from her superb eyes, and the ever-ready color rushing headlong to her cheeks.

"If you were to upset the boat," replies Paul, calmly, looking with intense disapprobation at his beautiful companion, "I should know that it was your deliberate intention to commit suicide, and I hope I have better manners than to run counter to any lady's plainly-expressed wishes."

"I have a great mind to try," answers Lenore, looking down into the clear brown depths, where her own image lies, tremulous and shimmering, and then into Le Mesurier's impassive face.

"Do by all means; only let me pull you a hundred yards farther on. It is five or six feet deeper under those poplars."

"After all, I think I won't," says Lenore, naïvely, her anger subsiding, as soon as she sees that it neither alarms nor awes, nor even very much amuses him. "I don't know how it is with other people, but, with me, the mere fact of being given leave to do a thing, takes away all desire to do it."

"From the little I know of your character, I should imagine that you did not often wait to be given leave."

"Not very often," replies the girl, gravely, looking away beyond him, to where, on the Rance's right bank, Lehon Abbey lifts its roofless walls and gray arches to the sky. "Once, long ago, when I was little, I was very, very ill—I'm not over-strong now, though you would not think it to look at me—and the doctor said I was to have whatever I asked for, for fear of bringing on a fit of coughing if I screamed; the consequence was that, if ever I wanted any thing, I always threatened to break a blood-vessel, and straightway got it."

"I should think that that threat had lost its efficacy now," says Paul, looking incredulously at the girl's full, womanly figure, and at the plump though slender dimpled hand, that droops over the boat-side—at the round cream-white column of her proud throat.

"No, it has not," she answers, shaking her head; "the prestige

of my delicacy still remains, though the *fact* no longer exists, and I, of course, am careful to keep up a tradition which tends so much to my own interest, as it enables me to have my own way in every thing."

"What a very bad thing for you!" says Le Mesurier, brusquely. "If I were your sister, I should set up a rival blood-vessel."

"It would be no use," answers Lenore, laughing, and swinging her broad straw hat to and fro. "Jemima is one of those hopelessly healthy people who will live on, without an ache or a pain, to a hundred, and then tumble down-stairs or get run over by an omnibus, natural means having proved utterly inadequate to kill her."

They are slowly sliding past Lehon, past the ivied bridge, past the steps down to the waters, wherein the Lehon monks used to bathe their holy, sleek bodies in the by-gone summers, in the quick stream. Pious Sybarites, who reconciled God and Mammon as never any one has done since then!

"It would have been very different if papa had lived," continues Lenore, beginning to dabble again, unremonstrated with this time. "He used to make us get up at five o'clock on winter mornings to go out walking by starlight with him; used to make us stand in a row before him, with our hands behind our backs, to repeat the Catechism; and if we stumbled in our 'Duty to our Neighbor,' or 'I desire'—Jemima always stuck fast in 'I desire'—made us hold out our hands to be caned."

"What a thousand pities that he died!" says Paul, almost involuntarily, resting on his oars, and staring straight from under his tilted hat at his *vis-à-vis's* face, his keen eyes undazzled by all the pretty tints and harmonious hues that feast them.

"Do you think so?" cries Lenore, looking up from the contemplation of her own face in the water. "Now, on the contrary, I think it was such a mercy that he did. I never feel tempted to question the wisdom of Providence's decrees in that particular instance."

"What a truly filial sentiment!"

"Don't look so shocked," answers the girl, beginning to laugh again. "I was but five years old when he died, and the only very clearly-defined association that I have with him is the biting his hand one day, and being shut up in the black-hole because I would not say I was sorry. I *was* not sorry; I *never* was sorry; I *am* not sorry now."

"All the same, I still regret that he died."

"Why?"

"Every woman needs some one to keep her in order," replies he, gravely, as if giving utterance to a sentiment against which there can be no appeal. "Until she has got a husband—her natural and legitimate master—she ought to have a father."

"Natural and legitimate master!" repeats Lenore, scornfully, drawing up her long throat. "Did I hear aright? That *would* be the subject of mind to matter, instead of matter to mind."

"I can't say that I agree with you" (very dryly).

"There is not that man living that could keep me in order; I would break his heart, and his spirit, and every thing breakable about him, first!"

"I have no doubt that you would try."

"I should succeed. I have got papa's temper; they all tell me so—Jemima—my other sister—everybody" (speaking very triumphantly).

"You say it as if it were matter for pride. It is astonishing what things people pride themselves on. I believe there was once a family which piqued itself on having two thumbs on each of its hands."

"I *should* pity the poor man who undertook to keep me in order," says Lenore, folding her hands in her lap, while delicious ripples of laughter play about her lips and cheeks at the thought of the sufferings that await her future owner.

"Of course, you never mean to marry?"

"Of course, I do, though!" (getting rather angry, and coloring faintly). "Do you think I mean to be an old maid?"

"I think," replies Paul, bluntly, "that, considering the utter docility which with you would be a *sine qua non* in a husband, you run a very good chance of being one."

Silence for a few moments; no sound but the "swish" of the oars—the cool wash of the water against the keel; then Lenore, resolute, womanlike, to have the last word, recommences:

"Confess," she says, leaning forward toward him a little, and emphasizing her remarks with her forefinger; "confess that there is not a more laughable, degrading sight on the face of the earth than a woman in a state of abject subjection to her husband!"

"Confess," replies Paul, leaning forward a little also, and also speaking with emphasis, "that there is not a more contemptible, degrading sight on the face of the earth than a man in a state of abject submission to his wife!"

"You may laugh!" cries Lenore, loftily, carrying her head very high, and looking defiantly at him; "but I maintain that there is not a more contemptible creature in creation than a patient Grizzel!"

"And I maintain," retorts Paul, looking back with equal defiance, "that there is not a more pitiable reptile in creation than a henpecked husband, if such a being ever existed, which I have some difficulty in bringing myself to believe."

They have both raised their voices a little in their eagerness. Three Englishwomen riding by on donkeys, their draperies extending from head to tail over those ill-used animals, turn their heads. M. Dunois, the barber's son, taking his afternoon canter, on a big bay horse along the towing-path, turns his also.

"The aborigines are astonished at our vehemence," says Paul, recollecting himself; "and really," with a careless laugh, "as we neither of us have at present a victim to test our theories and wreak our cruelties upon, we need not excite ourselves over it, need we?"

Lenore's sole answer is a vivid blush, of whose birth she herself could give no account.

"What on earth has come to the girl?" Le Mesurier says to himself, staring at her with the open, unconscious stare of utter surprise; "alternately making very silly remarks, and getting as red as a turkey-cock over them. I wonder does she smoke? As likely as not. Shall I ask her? At all events, I wish she would let me."

"How long are you going to stay at Dinan?" inquires Miss Lenore, presently, with an abrupt change of subject.

Paul shrugs his shoulders.

"God knows!"

"What an unnecessarily forcible expression!"

"Do you think so? It is what the shopkeepers in one part of Spain answer if you ask them whether they have such and such wares in their shop; they are too lazy to look, so they say, 'God knows!'"

"Long, do you think?" pursues the girl, perseveringly, not heeding his apocryphal little anecdote.

"Until my friend gets tired of his friend, M. de Rouillon's *château*, with all its absurd little turrets and weathercocks, I suppose," replies Paul, being not entirely free from an old-fashioned insular contempt for every thing Gothic.

"What is your friend's name?"

"Scrope."

"What is he like?"

"Oh, I don't know;" looking vaguely round at the water—the chestnut-trees—the flags, for inspiration. "I'm a very bad hand at describing; he is much like everybody else, I suppose."

"Like you, for instance," rather maliciously.

"Good Heavens! no;" breaking into a short laugh; "he *would* be flattered at the suggestion!"

"You mean that he is good-looking?"

"Oh! yes; he is all very well" (rather impatiently.)

"And how soon do you imagine that he will be here?"

"Oh! in two or three days, I should hope."

"You should *hope*!"—with a little accent of pique—"you don't like Dinan, then?"

"It is all very well, for France," replies Paul, magnificently; "but it is rather like a penny bun—a little of it goes a long way."

Lenore bends down her small head, heavily laden with great twists and curious plaits of crisp brown hair, and ceases from her questionings. It is Le Mesurier's turn to catchise.

"Are you so very proud of Dinan, then, Miss Herrick?"

"We are fond of any place that is cheap," replies Lenore, shortly. "Any place where mutton is sevenpence a pound seems to us prettier and pleasanter than one where it is tenpence."

"Oh, really!" looking and feeling rather awkward, and not exactly knowing how to take this manifestation of unnecessary candor.

"We are real Bohemians, Jemima and I," pursues the girl, resting on her hand her small downy face—downy with the wonderful bloom of life's beautiful red morning; a bloom as transient and unreplaceable

as the faint gray dust on just-gathered grapes. "We pay our debts, but otherwise we are quite Bohemians. We go and stay at places out of the proper season; we drive all over London in omnibuses, and go down the Thames in penny steamboats, and do a hundred other uncivilized things. One summer we spent at Boulogne; I liked that, Jemima hated it."

"I dare say."

"Oh! that *établissement*!" cries Lenore, clasping her hands together in childish glee at the recollection, while her speech trickles off into pretty low laughter. "What fun it was! and how happy all the wicked people looked! Everybody walking about with somebody that did not belong to them."

"No wonder you enjoyed yourself," replies Paul, sarcastically, rather disgusted; not, as I need hardly say, at the fact related, but at the narrator.

"Look at Jemima gesticulating from the bank," cries Lenore, happily ignorant of the emotion she has produced; nor, indeed, is the idea that any one can be disgusted with her very much prone to present itself to her mind. "How eloquent an umbrella can be when wielded by a cunning hand! What a great deal Jemima's is saying!"

"It is saying, 'Land!' I imagine, isn't it? Let us land," replies Paul, with some alacrity, his thoughts turning more affectionately toward claret-cup than toward a prolonged *l'été-à-l'été* with Lenore.

"Let us land," echoes the girl, with the slightest possible unintentional sigh.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENCE FOR THE UNSCIENTIFIC.

THERE are individuals who never take their walks abroad without a pocket-knife, a few coppers, and a bit of string. Neglecting the first two articles as foreign to our purpose, what a helpful little thing is a bit of string, both at home and abroad, to look no further than its use as a collector and a conservator! In a country walk it keeps together, in order, flowers with flowers, ferns with ferns, grapes with grapes, and sticks with sticks; in-doors, it unites the bills of the year, the journals of a class, newspaper cuttings on some favorite subject, and trash for the rubbish-heap, or for lighting fires. If, in certain offices, string is abused in the shape of red tape, what would be the state of those offices if deprived of red tape's versatile aid?

What the twine-spinner does for the odds and ends of every-day life, the bookbinder, and, above all, the reprinter and republisher, does for literary miscellanies, which may have a connecting link of authorship or subject, of date or occasion, but which may be materially as heterogeneous as printed papers can be. Quartos, duodecimos, loose pamphlet-shaped tracts, stitched in covers, or uncovered and unstitched, single leaves begging the bill-sticker to give them a local habitation, defy the powers of string to convert them into a slightly and legible whole. It is then that the republisher comes in, giving unity, consistency, and order, to what might otherwise have been consigned to the hopeless limbo of literature.

Doubtless multitudes of small publications deserve to meet with no better doom than a speedy consignment to that dusty fate; there are others which we pick up along the road of life, and thrust with delight into our travelling-wallet, as we would soft-shining pearls discovered on a lonely shore. Few flying words are better worth collecting than those which Professor Tyndall lets fall from time to time; and the public is to be congratulated that, in obedience to an impulse from America, he has been induced to gather together the series of detached essays, lectures, and reviews, which have recently come forth as "Fragments of Science for Unscientific People."

For unscientific people, yes; for ignorant people, no; for prejudiced, bigoted, one-sided people, still less. The "Fragments" are not all of them easy reading. You cannot run through them as you run through a lady-writer's romance, although certain portions of them are more sensational than the most sensational novel. There is never an attempt to hide rough ground under the flowers of rhetoric or the sticks and straws of verbiage. Wherever there are hard places to be traversed, Professor Tyndall tells you they are and will be hard, and advises you to gird up your loins accordingly. When the trying bit of climbing is accomplished, he says, like a man, "Thus patiently you have accompanied me over a piece of exceedingly difficult ground; and I think, as a prudent guide, we ought to halt upon the eminence

we have now attained. We might go higher, but the bowlders begin here to be very rough. At a future day we shall, I doubt not, be able to overcome this difficulty, and to reach together a greater elevation."

Such frankness, combined with such lucidity, renders the reading of Professor Tyndall's works a mental tonic. They often require the effort which it takes to plunge bodily into a chilly pool, but the resulting reaction of conscious energy and delight more than compensates for the effort. The professor's mind is doubly clear; clear to itself and clear to others. Obscured by no mists, it puts forth no humbug. It has never been the writer's privilege to hear this gifted lecturer's *visu voce* discourse, but certain he is that he would never do what he relates that Faraday did upon occasion. Faraday did not confine himself to experimental discovery. He aspired to be a teacher, and reflected and wrote upon the method of scientific exposition. "A lecturer," he observes, "should appear easy and collected, undaunted and unconcerned;" still, "his whole behavior should evince respect for his audience." These recommendations were afterward in great part embodied by himself. Dr. Tyndall doubts his unconcern, but his fearlessness was often manifested. It used to rise within him as a wave, which carried both him and his audience along with it. On rare occasions also, when he felt himself and his subject hopelessly unintelligible, he suddenly evoked a certain recklessness of thought, and without halting to extricate his bewildered followers, he would dash alone through the jungle into which he had unwittingly led them; thus saving them from *cumuli* by the exhibition of a vigor which, for the time being, they could neither share nor comprehend.

Now Professor Tyndall, we believe, would never do any thing of the kind. In the first place, he would take good care never to lead his hearers into a jungle unwittingly; and, in the second place, if he had strayed with them into one, he would make it a point of honor to pilot them out of it. So long as an uncouth difficulty is malleable, he never tires till he has hammered it into shape; if it is utterly refractory, he tells you it is so, and lets it alone.

"Let us get a clear idea of this," or words to the same purport, is his constant and urgent appeal to his hearers when about to attack some knotty point. "My wish to render our mental images complete, causes me to dwell briefly upon these known points, and the same wish will cause me to linger a little longer among others." "My aim throughout has been to raise in your minds distinct physical images of the various processes involved in our researches." He struggles heroically to be clear, and the endeavor results in his being clear. Witness his explanation of the chemical action of certain rays of light, and the way in which he obstinately persists in not allowing the leading principle of the undulatory theory of light to be forgotten.

"Here I would ask you to make familiar to your minds the idea that no chemical action can be produced by a ray, that does not involve the destruction of the ray. But the term 'ray' is unsatisfactory to us at present, when our desire is to abolish all vagueness, and to fix a definite physical significance to each of our terms. Abandoning the term 'ray' as loose and indefinite, we have to fix our thoughts upon the waves of light, and to render clear to our minds that those waves which produce chemical action, do so by delivering up their own motion to the molecules which they decompose."

Or let us take polarized light as an example. Most educated persons have heard of polarized light; they certainly see it every day, as their attendants talk prose, without knowing it. They may perhaps have seen its brilliant effects displayed in the microscope of some ingenious neighbor. But ask them in what respect polarized differs from unpolarized light, and they will be hard put to give an answer. The present writer has seen no answer to the question to be compared, in respect to clearness and capability of popular comprehension, with Professor Tyndall's explanation: "There is another subject connected with our firmament, of a more subtle and recondite character than even its color. I mean what Herschel calls that 'mysterious and beautiful phenomenon,' the polarization of the light of the sky. The polarity of a magnet consists in its two-endedness, both ends, or poles, acting in opposite ways. Polar forces, as most of you know, are those in which the duality of attraction and repulsion is manifested. And a kind of two-sidedness, noticed by Huyghens, commented on by Newton, and discovered by a French philosopher, named Malus, in a beam of light which had been reflected from one of the windows of the Luxembourg Palace in Paris, receives the name of polarization." In short, a beam of polarized light has two

sides which differ from each other in their nature, qualities, and effects. If the beam is flat and broad, like the blade of a knife, one side is sharp and thin, as it were, the other flat and blunt; if the beam were cylindrical like a walking-stick, or square like a draper's measure, one-half of it might consist of wood, the other of barley-sugar. The opposite sides of a polarized beam of light differ quite as much as that.

This clearness is a natural consequence of Professor Tyndall's writings being eminently truthful. It may be too much to assert that every muddle-headed or muddle-tongued person is untruthful; but certain it is that all uncandid, insincere persons, all rogues, swindlers, and intriguers, are obscure, involved, contradictory, and often unintelligible in their sayings. "Speech was given to man to hide his thoughts," said one of the artfullest of men. Professor Tyndall is too good a philosopher, and too kind-hearted, to hit any fellow-philosopher hardly; but is there no well-known contemporary writer open to some such a remark as this?—"A favorite theory—the desire to establish or avoid a certain result—can so warp the mind as to destroy its power of estimating facts. I have known men to work for years under a fascination of this kind, unable to extricate themselves from its fatal influence. They had certain data, but not, as it happened, enough. They supplemented the data, and went wrong. From that hour, their intellects were so blinded to the perception of adverse phenomena that they never reached truth."

What Professor Tyndall knows, he does know, and says that he knows it, and why. What he does not know, he has the courage to state that he does not—adding, perhaps, that he is not ever likely to know. "Of the inner quality that enables matter to attract matter, we know nothing." While he feels a natural pride in scientific achievement—while he regards science as the most powerful instrument of intellectual culture, as well as the most powerful ministrant to the material wants of men—if you ask him whether science has solved, or is likely in our day to solve, the problem of this universe, he is obliged to shake his head in doubt. As far as he can see, there is no quality in the human intellect which is fit to be applied to the solution of the problem. It is entirely beyond us. He compares the mind of man to a musical instrument with a certain range of notes, beyond which, in both directions, we have an infinitude of silence. The phenomena of matter and force lie within our intellectual range; but behind, and above, and around all, the real mystery of this universe lies unsolved, and, as far as we are concerned, is incapable of solution.

Dr. Tyndall once walked down Regent Street with a man of great gifts and acquirements, discussing with him various theological questions. He could not accept his views of the origin and destiny of the universe, nor was he prepared to enunciate any views of his own. His friend turned to him at length, and said: "You surely must have a theory of the universe." That he should, in one way or another, have solved this mystery of mysteries, seemed to the speaker a matter of course. "I have not even a theory of magnetism," was the modest reply.

The human brain is said to be the instrument of thought and feeling; when we are hurt, the brain feels it; when we ponder, it is the brain that thinks; when our passions or affections are excited, it is through the instrumentality of the brain. But at this point Professor Tyndall very properly asks for a little more precision. How does consciousness infuse itself into the problem? Granted that a definite thought, and a definite molecular action in the brain, occur simultaneously, we should be as far as ever from the solution of the problem. "How are these physical processes connected with the facts of consciousness?" The chasm between the two classes of phenomena would still remain intellectually impassable. Let the consciousness of love, for example, be associated with a right-handed spiral motion of the molecules of the brain, and the consciousness of hate with a left-handed spiral motion. We should then know, when we love, that their motion is in one direction, and, when we hate, that their motion is in the other direction; but the "why?" would remain as unanswerable as before.

The problem of the connection of body and soul is as insoluble in its modern form as it was in the prescientific ages. Phosphorus is known to enter into the composition of the human brain, and a trenchant German writer has exclaimed: "*Ohne Phosphor, kein Gedanke*" ("No thought, without phosphorus"). That may or may not be the case; but, even if we knew it to be the case, the knowledge

would not lighten our darkness. On both sides of the zone here assigned to the materialist, he is equally helpless. If you ask him, Whence is "matter?" who or what divided it into molecules? who or what impressed upon them the necessity of running into organic forms? he has no answer. Science is mute in reply to these questions.

We travel with confidence under such a guide, and do not hesitate to inspect with him the objects that happen to lie in our path. "Dust, oh!" If you step aside at the cry, still remain near enough to take a peep at it. For, what is dust? As sand is a highly-elaborate preparation of sundry rocks and other hard portions of the terrestrial crust, dust is a still more elaborate form, both of organic and inorganic matter. Dust is, partly, what we have been, bodily speaking, and what we shall be. Ashes, we return to ashes; dust, we return to dust. Dust comprises carbonate of lime, magnesia, iron, carbon, organizable matter, which may become first a grain of wheat or a cabbage, and then a fractional part of a man. In the shape of dust which is blown about the streets, we may inhale our ancestors, and be inhaled by our posterity. Great Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, is just as likely to form a dust-cloud on a summer's as to stop a hole on a winter's day. Dust is despised only by the ignorant; but whoever has possessed a microscope of even moderate pretensions will take an interest in, and feel a respect for, dust. Dust, independently of its intrinsic nature, derives value from its mere mechanical qualities. "A bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom." What would become of the farmer and the gardener, and what, consequently, would become of all civilized peoples, if dust were not, except liquefied as mud or solidified as rock?

Of the curiosities and marvels of dust we learn not a little from Dr. Tyndall's "Fragments," which may be looked upon themselves as a sort of scientific dust, although the grains are of quite appreciable magnitude and importance.

Dust is such a thorough Paul Pry, so intrusive, so all-pervading, that there is some foundation for "Night-Thoughts" Young's hypothesis of a universe of dust, except that each particular atom does not dance, as he imagined, according to its own device, but according to law. The air on the top of Mont Blanc contains dust; but the acme and concentration of dirt are the atmosphere of London, enveloped by which it is impossible for anybody to be quite clean, outside or in. Solar light, in passing through a dark room, reveals its track by illuminating the dust floating in the air; if there were no dust, no track would be visible. Professor Tyndall, who has a keen eye for the beautiful, says that, on a day of transient shadows, there was something almost magical in the rise and dissolution of the luminous beams among the scaffolding-poles of the Royal Albert Hall.

To carry out his researches on the decomposition of vapors by light, he was compelled to remove all dust from his experimental tubes. It was no easy matter to do so. At last, prior to admitting the air, he carefully caused it to pass over a spirit-lamp flame. The floating particles no longer appeared, having been burned up by the flame. Those particles were, therefore, of organic origin. He was by no means prepared for this result; for he had thought that the dust of our air was, in great part, inorganic and non-combustible. The organic origin of a great portion of our floating and suspended dust is of vast importance, in more ways than one. It is productive both of good and evil. Oxyhydrogen flame, scarcely visible in the air of a room, would be still less so if it could be burned in an absolutely clean atmosphere. Such flames are made luminous by the dust in the air. In very dusty climates, there can be no doubt that the particles so diffused act as a manure in the course of time, and likewise supply, in the crannies and on the ledges of rocks, a scanty soil which furnishes the means of a commencement of vegetation.

Dust is the cause of the lovely color of the azure firmament. In fact, sky-blue may be produced by exceedingly minute particles of any kind of matter. To the same cause are to be ascribed the effects by which distance lends enchantment to the view. Professor Tyndall makes an artificial sky more perfect than the real one. In mountainous countries, hills at no great distance are rendered almost invisible by haze. It will be understood that it is not the interposition of the haze as an opaque body that renders the mountains indistinct, but that it is the light of the haze which dims and bewilders the eye, and thus weakens the definition of the objects seen through it. Artists take notice of these phenomena under the name of aerial perspective. The haze varies with the temperature and humidity of the atmosphere.

At certain times and places it is almost as blue as the sky itself; but, to see its color, the attention must be withdrawn from the mountains and from the trees which cover them. In point of fact, the haze is a piece of more or less perfect sky; it is produced in the same manner, and is subject to the same laws, as the firmament itself. We live in the sky, not under it.

Dust acquires a fearful interest when we regard it as an agent in spreading disease. Professor Tyndall believes there are the strongest grounds for holding contagious matter to be "particulate," and, further, that the particles are, to all intents and purposes, germs, exhibiting, as they do, the fundamental characters of propagating their own kind through countless generations, and over vast geographical areas. Their life and reproduction run parallel to, and are an incident of, the life of man himself. He does not doubt the ability of these particles to scatter light, nor that the means by which the visible floating dust of our air is arrested will also be found effectual in arresting contagion. Dr. William Budd states: "As to the germ-theory itself, that is a matter on which I have long since made up my mind." From the day when I first began to think upon these subjects, I have never had a doubt that the specific cause of contagious fevers must be living organisms"—dust alive.

PEOPLE IN THE PARKS.

LET any one walk into any park or common with his eyes wide open, and he will come out of it edified.

It may happen that his edification will not be a happy one. Among the strollers and loungers he will be sure to find many beings who will shock him, for such places are places of refuge rather than of pleasure.

People mostly go to them to get away from something, not to enjoy the shade, or to revel in the delicious green. They fly to them from discomforts, instead of to delight in their stretches of sward and sparkling fountains.

It is only now and then that one meets with a person who profits by these places, the great majority being runaways from less or greater miseries.

Presuming that you personally have none of these, I advise you to walk out for the purpose of study, if not for the air and view. Look hard and long at every man whom you meet, whether he be sitting down indolently, or lying on the flat of his back on the turf, or moving slowly about with inclined head. He will straightway become a subject of perpetual interest to you. Why does he come here, where there is no work to do? What is he thinking about, or is he thinking at all? Where does he live, and has he no wife and children whose comfort demand better things from him than lounging? Is he an ostracized criminal, or simply a discontented man? Is he hungry? Where did that velvetreen coat come from? Where will he go when they shut the gates?

The subject of the man will run in your head for a long time; his shabby dress and languid movement will haunt you for a great many hours, and you will always regret that he remained secret and unexplained.

I like the little pictures made by the pretty children who come to play sometimes in the park, which I cross o' mornings as I leave home. Some of them have nurses *pro forma*, but, at the moment when these smart guardians begin to make war upon society by friendly chats, the children intermingle and make coalitions against the nurses.

They gayly wander off together, with treasures of hard biscuit deep in their pockets, and feed the tame trout in the basins to the point of apoplexy. Their bright dresses and scarfs stand out brilliantly against the green of the grass and distant trees, and their laughter and screams of delight come in well with the rustle of the foliage. Various games burst out spontaneously, like fire, and knickerbockered legs race about with joy. The deep shades attract them for a moment, and they hold conferences as to what shall be done next; then they fly into the sunshine, shapeless clouds of hair and color, emitting frantic laughter, and dancing hither and thither like fire-flies. Piercing shrieks arise on every hand, and dilated nostrils and sparkling eyes picture the dreadful terrors of being caught. Even these Liliputians possess the mysteries of love and courtship, and every baby is a beau or a belle to some other baby.

One day I observed an aged, bent, and feeble man gazing at them with profound interest. I had seen him before at the same hour—ten o'clock in the morning—and I inferred that he walked out for his health—or rather for his life, for he had very little health in him. He was a hard old man. He rebelled against the inevitable drooping of his shoulders and the weakness of his limbs. I fancied that he struggled against his dissolution, and fought hard against every new encroachment upon the habits of his life. I thought that he had rejected the help of a cane until the very latest moment, that he had often essayed to become erect and brisk once more, even while the powerful hand was slowly doubling him up. Once he dropped the cane from his trembling fingers, and it rolled away a foot or two.

I hastened forward to pick it up. He snarled at me.

I withdrew and watched him. He tottered forward three inches at each step, and hovered over the stick with a precarious balance. He began to stoop. He began to depend on the muscles of his body. He bent his knees, then his back, and approached the ground. His mouth opened wide, and, not daring to lower his head to look, he groped about with his thin fingers. They encountered the cane and closed upon it.

Then came the struggle.

He fixed the cane upright in the ground. He convulsed himself from head to foot to rise. He attained a few inches. He panted and seized the cane afresh. His eyes rolled, and he shut his teeth desperately. His feet began to tremble on the gravel. Then came an instant of silence. Virtually it was a contest between the rear-guard of Life and the advance-guard of Death, a preliminary skirmish, a struggle for a fresh hold.

Between the two the old man quivered and was overthrown. His knees suddenly bent up again, his arms flew out, and he fell prostrate in the dust with a loud cry of pain and sorrow.

We raised him to his feet, and cleansed the soil from his coat. He turned his watery eyes upon the group of frightened children who had instantly gathered.

"Play," he cried, in a cracked voice and with a raised hand—"play, play away, you little fools, but it's got hold of you tight. It won't let you go till it has taken away your teeth, and color, and hair, and made you turn to dust! You'll be like me. You'll all have canes. You'll always be stared at. People will take liberties with you. Go away. Away with you, you're insulting me!"

He glared at them. They drew off slowly, and then turned and fled.

A week afterward I missed him. He had probably found out the difference between his strength and that of the Ruler.

At an unusually early hour one morning I happened to discover where my newsboy, Billy by name, made his semiweekly toilet. It was at one of the park pumps.

He had turned down his collar, and placed his hat within his reach on top of the pipe, and was disporting himself like a grampus. It had been customary for me to tell the days of the week by the depths of the shade on his skin. Thursdays and Mondays he was striped like a zebra, but on Wednesdays and Sundays he was black. The remainder of the calendar was represented by intermediate colors.

I saluted him. He looked up dripping. The zebra appearance distinguished him. The reason that he was never wholly clean was because he committed the error of washing his hands after he had used them as a sponge upon his face, and not before. He felt criminal. He blushed scarlet. Had I caught him carrying the pump away, he could not have been more abashed.

"Is that you, William?"

"Yes, sir, it's me; do I look strange?"

"Yes, rather. Taking a bath?"

"I dunno. 'P'raps it would be a bath ef I kep on all day and to-morrow and nex' day. 'Taint a bath so far. I never see sich dirt to stick. Ef I was biled and biled till I come of age I wouldn't be white. I can't see how you folks wash every day straight along, fur it's hard enough to do it twice a week I'm sure. 'Taint no satisfaction for me to get wet down and look was afterward, but my 'ealth requires it."

He then put his head under the spout, and held it there until he nearly strangled.

Two hours later I met one of those commonplace texts which the philanthropists are constantly annoying us with, one of those stereo-

typed, down-trodden women whom sentimentalists affect, and who stand out so vividly in novels. I will not say that she obtruded herself, for she sat in a retired and shady path. Of course, she had the

new leaf, and do something better? At any rate, why should she come into this park to harass people with the feebleness of her carriage and the age of her dress? She had much better have stayed in



FOR PLAY.

tremendous bundle, over which there lay a thin and fleshless hand. I will not say that her face was ruddy, for it was not exactly so. It was quite frightfully thin, and a few foolish damp places were to be



FOR HEALTH.

her garret. Why can't such people keep their little miseries out of the way of other people? The sight of her actually urged and compelled a friend who was with me to go up to her and ask her to do all



FOR REST.

observed on her cheeks. She might have been a sewing-girl. Indeed, I think she was. But why did she persist in being a sewing-girl? Why did she not strike out? Why did she not turn over a



FOR WORK.

his wife's sewing at an extravagantly fair price. The poor wretch burst into tears, of course, and looked up for an instant among the beautiful leaves overhead. She said she came into the park to rest,

but, if that was necessary, why could she not have looked a little less hungry and miserable? These people have few considerations for others.

before me as a result of this conversation. When I sentence them I shall say: "You are wretches of treble baseness, three times removed from honest men. Had you possessed the abject misery of



FOR A TOILETTE.

How much pleasanter it is to see strong and well-fed villany than an undignified poverty!

Not far from the poor girl just spoken of, I saw two well-built



FOR NO GOOD.

the poor creature beside you, and committed this theft in consequence of it, I could be lenient; and, also, had you planned it under the influences of bad companions and worse surroundings, there would



EARLY MORNING.—DOESN'T KNOW HOW HE GOT THERE.

cads, with skull-caps, ferret-eyes, and a rascally secret which they were discussing.

In my character as judge of a court I shall probably have them up



A STRANGER AND FRIENDLESS.

have been a fitness in your conduct which would disarm any great severity: but, to walk in amid upright people and the best and freest gifts of Nature, and there arrange to commit a crime, even while you

are possessed of health and strength, proves you to be pests which society must be rid of." And I shall favor society with a long residence.

One day I came upon a man whom it did my heart good to see. He was a slender, yellow-whiskered German, with his pipe. He was out for a good read. The day was superb. The air was cool and clear, the morning sun particularly bright, and every thing was fresh. He sat him down and laid a substratum of Goethe, abstractly beating out the feet of the lines with a long forefinger and murmuring the text. He revelled in the opportunity; the poetry did him good. Heine lay on his left hand, his beloved meerschaum on his right, his idolized poet before him, and verdure and pure atmosphere all about. No wonder the man sang to himself the Volkslied which I heard as I passed behind him.

At, for me, the unusually early hour of five in the morning I once happened upon a former clerk of mine, A. H—, who sat upon a bench in the park, having just attained, with superhuman strength, an upright position.

It appeared that Augustus had been overnight to a cradle-party given by the classmate who first achieved a baby. Augustus had come away with four friends, who had sworn by all that was drinkable (the strongest known oath) to see each other house. Augustus had seen three home, and he knew no more. How he came to wake up in the park will be a life-long mystery. It was a matter of regret to note the singular absence of his watch, studs, and wallet.

His hands were cold, tremulous, and purple, his clothing sadly creased, his hat battered, and his linen wonderfully rumpled. His weak, red eyes shed waters which were not tears, and his cheekbones exhibited color which was not the hue of health. His cheeks had furrows, his hair and whiskers were brushed this way and that, and all the muscles had been subtracted from his back, shoulders, arms, and limbs. He was simply caught together like a limp jumping-jack, and was trembling, mumbling, weeping, and altogether disgusting.

I took Augustus to an early friend, a photographer, who placed him in a chair, and took some pictures of him as he was.

I presented one to Augustus, and destroyed the remaining three. I, however, gave him to understand that I preserve them. He is now my soberest friend, and respects me as one does a guillotine in France.

One of the unhappiest sights I ever witnessed in my favorite walk was that of an attenuated Scot sitting in a singular position on one of the benches. He was hungry. His long face, thinly covered with hair, was the clearest picture of lost hope and suffering that I ever saw. His knees touched each other, his toes were turned in, his heels were forced down hard, and his fists were thrust deep in his pockets and pressed against his stomach. It was vastly easy to imagine the dreams of quick employment and rapid rise which had brought him across the ocean, and also easy to comprehend that his harsh voice, unsmiling face, and unyielding manner, had made him no friends. I spoke to him. I got a savage reply. I persisted with all the tact of which I was capable, and he suddenly broke up like an ice-field and told me all. It was as I imagined. Lofty examples of his successful countrymen in our land had lured him hither. He had now come to believe that talent will tell nearly as well in Glasgow as in New York, and that the lack of it gets no more favor in one place than in the other.

When his hunger and thirst were assuaged, he began to dream again. When I last heard of him he was busy cultivating tulips in a friend's garden. It always puzzled me to know how flowers, the most delicate of all Nature's productions, flourish so much better under the care of Scotchmen, the harshest of mankind.

Any park properly inspected will turn out better pictures than any of these. All that is required to observe them is, as I said at the outset, a good, hard, long look at all the people one meets, and then their histories or romances will be found standing out as vividly as the persons themselves. Try it; it is innocent enough, and, if you are over-wealthy in money, sympathy, fun, or humor, you can have all these qualities exercised to your heart's content. You will find subjects enough for your money to exhaust your purse, though you had the resources of Astor or Stewart. The drain upon your sympathy will be equally great, unless you close your heart as well as your pocket; and, as for fun or humor, there is no theatre in the city on whose boards is represented half so much comedy as you may see in the park for nothing.

SAPPHO.*

I.

SAPPHO, the most celebrated female writer, and, perhaps, singer and lyricist, of whom we have any account, was born in Lesbos, one of the largest and most beautiful of the islands that, in the Ægean Sea, extend along the coast of Asia Minor. At the period in which she lived, it appears to have been the principal seat of Grecian intelligence and refinement, especially in regard to the arts of poetry and music. There was a tradition that, Orpheus having been destroyed by the Mænades, his head and lyre were conveyed to Lesbos, and the former there buried; and hence that its inhabitants were remarkable for a genius for those arts. The poets and musicians, Arion and Terpander, the founder of Greek music, were natives of this island; as were also her friend, the poet Alcæus, and perhaps her contemporary poetess, Erinna.

As will subsequently appear, there are various reasons for believing that the story of her having led a dissolute life, and, in consequence of the infidelity of her reputed lover, a youth named Phaon, having taken the "Leucadian, or Lover's Leap," and thereby perished, may have confounded her with another Sappho, and possibly even both with the Venus of an ancient mythological fable.

She is said to have flourished, in other words, chiefly written, about a. c. 602; at which period, therefore, she may reasonably be supposed to have reached her at least twentieth, and not to have passed her thirtieth year.

A coin was recently discovered, bearing a female head, and, in Greek, the inscription, *Sappho Eresii*, which, an obliterated letter being restored, means "Sappho the Eresian," or, "of Eresos," a city in Lesbos. There can be little ground for doubt that the person whom this relic commemorates was the poetess, for, though there appears to have been another Lesbian of her name, the celebrity ascribed to the latter is of a character more likely to have caused her to have been incarcerated or banished, than in any manner publicly honored. Both are said to have been, at one time at least, of Eresos; but the poetess is known to have generally resided at Mitylene, the Lesbian metropolis, to which, indeed, if not there born, she, as she obtained celebrity, would naturally have inclined to remove.

According to the Parian chronicle, at some date between a. c. 604 and 592, she fled (*ἐκλεψεσθῆσα*)† into Sicily. The cause of this effort to escape some imminent danger, is merely conjectural. It, however, seems not improbable that, in consequence of her intimacy with Alcæus, her devoted friend, and, at one time, her lover, she became involved with the political projects and proceedings of him and his oligarchical confederates, who, apparently about the time assigned for her flight, were, by the popular party, defeated and banished.

In her sixth year she lost her father. Of the eight names ascribed to him, probably from the frequency of her own, the true one seems to have been Scamandronymus. She was, but for what period is not known, the wife of a wealthy Andrian, or native of the island of Andros, named Cercolæus, by whom she had a daughter named Cleis, the subject of two interesting relics, in one of which she speaks of her with much affection, and describes her as remarkably beautiful; and, in the other, says to her, "Grieving becomes neither the house of a poetess nor myself." Sadness was supposed to offend Apollo and the Muses. Sappho and her associates, like the Greeks generally, as appears from the subjoined version of one of her brief remains, were no foes to hilarity.

TO VENUS.

"Here be in our festive hours!

That you, for your friends and mine,
Into gold cups, mixed with flowers,
May pour out the nectar-wine."

These social potations, however, were commonly diluted, and perhaps little more exhilarating, and, in a hygienic view, at least, much less objectionable, than our "imperial" and "gunpowders."

She had three brothers, Charaxus, Larichus, and Eurigius. Anthenæus says that, in her poems, she frequently commended Larichus

* It is but justice to the author of this article to say that it was placed in our hands by him several months before the papers on the same subject were published which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *New-York Tribune*.—ED. JOURNAL.

† Words of the chronicle.

for officiating as cup-bearer in the Prytaneum, or public council-hall, of Mitylene. Cup-bearers, in ancient times, were selected from either boys or youths, remarkable for their beauty. Charaxus was an exporter of wine to Naucratis in Egypt. There he became so greatly enamoured of the celebrated Rhodopis, the most beautiful woman, perhaps, of her time, as to have purchased her freedom, and thereby so far impoverished himself that he had recourse to a life of piracy. To these discreditable adventures, Ovid, in his imaginary epistle of Sappho to Phaon, makes her allude:

"A brother, victim of a guilty love,
False to his fortune and his fame, is tost
On some far wave, an outlaw seen to rove,
And seeks by crime the wealth by it he lost."

OVID. *Epist.* 15, HERMOR.

Charaxus, on his returning to Mitylene, "was," says Herodotus, "severely handled by Sappho in her poems;" in one of which, at least, was also Rhodopis,* and called Dorica. This, it is supposed, was her true name, and that she was called Rhodopis, which means rosy-cheeked, in compliment to her beauty.

VERSION OF A GREEK EPIGRAM ON HER BY POSIDIPPUS.

"The head is dust, O Dorica! whose twine
Of jewelled braids sweet, Orient perfume shed,
When, like Aurora, for the morning wine,
She saw thee blushing leave thy fragrant bed;
But Sappho's verse of never-dying fame,
And thy own Naucratis, shall see thy name
Borne ever on, imperishable, while
Seaward a sail shall waft the fruitful Nile."

It seems little probable that Sappho, in her poems, should have made Charaxus and his late profligate associate the subject of either her reproach or her ridicule, had, as is commonly supposed, their conduct been no more culpable than her own.

Rhodopis had been taken to Naucratis by her master, one Xanthus, a Samian Greek, with a view to his profiting by her person. If the Greeks, as is asserted, were not permitted to settle at Naucratis before the reign of Amasis, which began B. C. 569, in either that or some subsequent year, Charaxus must have there met with her, and consequently Sappho's satiric lines on them must then have been composed, or, in other words, she must then have been living. Admitting, what seems all but certain, that, in B. C. 592, the latest date at which, according to the Parian chronicle, she could have fled into Sicily, she was no less than even fifteen,† in B. C. 569, the date above mentioned, she must have been at least thirty-eight and, so far as is known, the period at which she is said to have flourished being considered, might have been sixty years of age. If, therefore, from her love of Phaon, she ever took the "Leucadian, or Lover's Leap," she most probably survived it, for that, in the instance of love, it was ever the result of any other than a youthful predominance of that passion, seems wholly incredible. Furthermore, Phaon is said to have, for a time, at least, requited her love of him; which, if we consider his reputed youth and extraordinary personal attractions, he was little likely to have done, after her own (if such she had), from the effect of years had begun to decline. In a fragment, preserved by Stobæus, she calls herself an aged woman, and might be thought to imply that, nevertheless, she had had an offer of marriage from one, perhaps, by many years her junior. This remarkable passage, however, in possibly most editions of her remains, from an impression, doubtless, that she perished in youth at the Leucadian Rock, has been so unwarrantably altered, as to reverse the sense of the original, and to make her call herself young.

Hermesianax, the poet, speaks of Anacreon's love of her, and there are certain verses ascribed to him, of which she was supposed to have been the subject, and others which purported to have been her reply to them. The following paraphrase of both is from Moore's Anacreon:

ANACREON.

"Spirit of love, whose locks unrolled
Stream on the air like floating gold,
Come, within a fragrant cloud
Blushing with light thy votary shroud,
And, on those wings that sparkling play,
Waft, oh, waft me hence away!
Love! my soul is full of thee,
Alive to all thy luxury."

* Suidas.

† It seems all but impossible that there could have been any cause for her flight before that age.

But she, the nymph for whom I glow,
The lovely *Leucadian* mocks my woe,
Smiles at the chill and hoary hues
That Time upon my forehead strews.
Alas! I fear she keeps her charms
In store for younger, happier arms."

SAPPHO:

"O Muse! who sitt'st on golden throne,
Full many a hymn of witching tone
The *Teian* sage is taught by thee:
But, goddess, from thy throne of gold
The sweetest hymn thou'st ever told
He lately learned and sang to me."

Athenæus, however, says that Hermesianax mistakes, and that the verses ascribed to Sappho are manifestly not hers, since she lived in the reign of Alyattes (B. C. 617-560), and Anacreon in that of Cyrus, which began B. C. 559, a date, therefore, which apparently she failed to survive. We may regard her as fairly relieved of any disparaging suspicions, to which a supposed intimacy with that accomplished but potent, libidinous voluptuary may have subjected her. A verse, indeed, is ascribed to him by Atilius Fortunatianus, in which he appears to say that he is about to receive "a young and sweetly-speaking Sappho:" but if, what seems questionable, this relic be his, she might have been, or rather, his habits considered, most probably was, a Sappho, who, according to Ælian and Athenæus, led an abandoned life, and, according to Suidas, from her love of Phaon took the "Leucadian, or Lover's Leap," but he is careful to add, was not the poetess, but a certain Lesbian. Furthermore, Athenæus evidently discriminates her from the poetess, and says that she was of Eresos in Lesbos, and Ælian that she was a Lesbian, and, as he had heard, was not a poetess. It is particularly worthy of notice that, in a verse of Alcæus, the poetess is called *δῆρα* (the chaste). Elsewhere* he is said, to his remark that he thought what, in her presence, from a sense of modesty, he feared to express, to have represented her as in substance responding:

"Poet, you have cause to fear;
Your faltering voice and eye betray
That which I should blush to hear—
That which you should blush to say."

Those passages in his poems must, at Mitylene, the place of their abode, have rendered him decidedly ridiculous, if she was there regarded as a person of ill repute. Anna Comnena, no pagan, but a celebrated writer of the Greek Church, who died A. D. 1148, seems to have been an admirer as well as a reader of her poetry, for, alluding to it, she calls her "the beautiful," and cites a passage of it in which Sappho speaks of her modesty. The commendable sentiments that occur in her remains but ill accord with the impression that such were not her habits; as, for instance, where she says that she cultivates the quiet feelings, that wealth is prejudicial without virtue, that she values pleasure and distinction, but also goodness, and that they who practise it, if not beautiful, will soon appear to be. She believes that the gods are immortal, is said to have frequently invoked them in her poems, and directs that the sacrifices should be duly conducted.

The many and extraordinary honors that, as we shall see, were paid her, are presumptive, and perhaps should be regarded as satisfactory evidence that her course did not remarkably deviate from that becoming her sex.

Of the ancient writers who either mention or allude to a Sappho as having taken the "Leucadian, or Lover's Leap," Horace, his contemporary Ovid, and their successor, Ausonius, only, so far as we have observed, speak of her as the poetess, and Ovid is the first to describe the latter as a person of dissolute habits. The object of that licentious writer was doubtless to produce a poem which should please his readers, little scrupulous whether or not he confounded the poetess with another Lesbian of her name, or, indeed, misrepresented her in any other respect. He and Horace must have written at no less than about five centuries, and even Menander—the earliest author who says that a Sappho took the leap—at no less than about two hundred and fifty years, after the decease of the poetess. Horace, indeed, and, from his example, Ausonius, call her *mascula* (the masculine); but, as the one, in the use of the word, manifestly alludes to her courage in having, as he supposed, taken the leap, so doubtless does the other. The ordinary disreputable accounts of her are found in no one of the

* In Aristotle.

early Greek writers, of whom the first that names her is Herodotus, the latest event recorded in whose history occurred *a. c.* 409. He therein notices the loves of Charaxus, the brother of Sappho, and Rhodopis; much more likely, from his digressive, anecdotal manner and fondness for the marvellous, was he to have related the story of the loves of Sappho and Phaon, had he ever met with it, or, at least, if he had, did he credit it. Hermesianax, who lived between *a. c.* 356 and 323, in his elegy on the loves of the Greek poets, speaks of the love of Alcæus and Anacreon for her, but is silent in regard to that remarkable story. There is no satisfactory evidence that the name of Phaon occurred in any of her poems, though it appears in one of the various translations of their remains, and possibly may in others.

In Leucadia, or Leucate, a peninsula near the western coast of Acarnania, is a lofty promontory, from a rocky, precipitous extremity of which persons who wished to be relieved of their loves, having made their vows in a neighboring temple of Apollo, were accustomed to cast themselves into the sea, or take what was called "The Lover's Leap." The effect of this always hazardous and sometimes fatal experiment was, we are told, that they who had recourse to it immediately ceased to love, and, if their passion had not been requited, began to be loved by those by whom it had not been, as instanced in the following passage from Ovid:

"Deucalion once with hopeless fury burned,
In vain he loved; relentless Pyrrha scorned:
But when from hence he plunged into the main,
Deucalion scorned and Pyrrha loved in vain."

ÆTIST. SAPPHO TO PHAON.

Says Anacreon:

"From dread Leucate's frowning steep,
I'll plunge into the whitening deep,
And there lie cold, to death resigned,
For love intoxicates my mind."

A Lacedæmonian, when about to take the leap, is said, on observing the fearful height of the precipice, to have exclaimed, "I did not suppose that my vow" (to Apollo) "would require another still more stringent."

Ptolemy, the son of Hephæstion, who wrote probably in the second century *a. c.*, was the author of a relic apparently purporting to be, so far as he was informed, a history of this singular custom from its commencement. It makes no mention of Sappho, whom, however, her celebrity considered, he had doubtless particularly noticed had he supposed her to have had recourse to it. According to him, as rendered by Scaliger, the origin of it was as follows: Venus, after the death of Adonis, having diligently sought for his remains, at last found them in the temple of Apollo Erithii. Having there made known her sufferings in consequence of a love for him no longer available, she was conducted by that deity to the Leucadian Rock, and bidden to cast herself from it, which, having done, she was immediately relieved. To her inquiry as to the cause of an effect so remarkable, his answer was that he had frequently observed that Jupiter was accustomed to sit there when greatly enamoured of Juno.

Our authority then proceeds to mention the instance of Artemisia, Queen of Halicarnassus, and builder of the celebrated mausoleum in honor of her husband Mausolus. Though for a time so greatly devoted to his memory as to have mingled his ashes in her daily drink, yet at last she became so enamoured of Dardanus, a youth, that, in revenge for his contempt of her passion, she put out his eyes while he slept, but, finally, for relief, had recourse to the leap, which, however, she failed to survive, and was at Leucate buried. It was taken by Nicostratus, a comic poet and son of Aristophanes, from his love of Tettigæda of Myrina; by Rhodope of Emissa, from her love of Antiphon and Cyro, twin-brothers, who belonged to the body-guard of King Antiochus, with the loss of her life; in consequence of his having four times taken it, one Macetes of Buthrotum obtained the *sobriquet* of "White Rock," a name of the place; and Charinus, a satirical poet, not only had his leg broken by it, but finally shared the fate of Rhodope. We have four Greek verses, admired for their elegance, which he is said to have composed while dying. They, of course, anathematize the rock. A less unfortunate experimenter was one Nereus of Catana, from his love of Attica of Athens, of which he not only was relieved, but happened to fall into a net containing a coffer of gold. While disposed to assert judicially that it belonged to him and not to the fisherman who drew both him and it to the shore, Apollo is said, by night, to have advised him to remain satisfied

that he was relieved of his love without the loss of his life. The supposed voice of Apollo was doubtless that of some minister of his temple with whom the fisherman had consented to share the gold if the former could persuade his competitor to relinquish his claim to it. Besides these and other experimenters noticed by Ptolemy, who says that the entire number of them was incalculable, instances are mentioned by Strabo of Cephalus, from his love of Ptaola; by Steasichorus, of Calyce, but fatally, from her love of Evathlus; by Caro, of Phobus; and by Menander, of a Sappho, from her love of Phaon, whom, however, he neither says nor implies to have been the poetess. Steasichorus was born before the latter, and survived her. It seems, therefore, very remarkable that he should have mentioned the instance of Calyce and not that of the poetess, had he ever heard of it, and extremely improbable that he should not have heard of it, had it ever occurred, the more especially as he was a celebrated poet, and, of course, not unlikely to have been even personally known to her.

Servius says that in his time, about *a. d.* 400, the leap was annually taken for money. Some are said to have taken it in order to discover their relations. At the annual festival of Apollo it was customary to cast a criminal from the rock as an expiatory sacrifice to that deity. In order to lessen the rapidity of his descent, various birds were attached to him, and persons were stationed in boats to rescue him, should he have survived it, from the water. Either to this practice or the ruggedness of the place Virgil is supposed to allude where he speaks of its tutelary god as *nautis formidatus*, dreaded by sailors.

GEORGE HILL.

THE RULING PASSION.

MANY years ago, when Berlin was still a solemn sandstone city in a vast sand-plain, famous for her men of lofty intellect and her women of rare power, a young student-of-law sauntered down the famous street called Unter den Linden, and stopped a moment at the gate of one of the finest houses. He seemed to struggle for a while, then to overcome his tremor, and rang the bell with a firm, steady hand. The huge door swung open as if by magic, admitting him to a superb *porte cochère*, opening in the rear upon a sunny yard, paved with broad flags, a merry fountain in the centre, and blooming oleander-trees in the four corners. To the right a noble flight of stairs led him to the *bel étage*, as the Germans then called the second story, because it ranked highest in dignity and price; and another bell, by the side of a glass door, brought, in answer to his summons, a little girl, the like of whom he had never yet seen. She was very young, and yet her eye so full of deep thought, and her mien so sober and sedate, that the head, and the slender, unformed limbs seemed to belong to different persons. Dressed in a simple loose gown of some rare and quaint fabric, which was held only by a silk cord drawn around the waist, and her abundant hair hanging in loose but graceful curls around her neck and shoulders, she surprised him so completely that, without knowing what he said, he asked, "What is your name?"

"Gisela," was the answer; "and yours?"

This brought him to his senses, and, stammering an apology, he inquired if the lady of the house was in.

"Oh, yes!" replied the strange girl; and, taking him fearlessly by the hand, she led him through a suite of well-furnished rooms into a large *salon*, where a lady was seated by the window, gazing dreamily through the plate-glass upon the linden-trees loaded with honeyed blossoms. This gave him time to look around. Rich furniture all about, costly curtains, a few old paintings on the wall, and articles of *verru*, strewn in abundance wherever standing-room could be obtained, and books piled high in every corner. In the centre a round table literally covered with sheets of paper, written over, blotted with ink, scribbled and scrawled on till not a white spot was left, caricatures and profiles; and under the table a huge heap of soiled linen, looking as if it had been stuffed away hastily to be put out of sight. The little, lithe lady by the window looked in keeping with the room. She was pale and languid in appearance, but her deep black eyes shone with almost unnatural fire from out irregular features full of life and intelligence. Her hair, like her daughter's, flowed in long, dishevelled masses from the loose knot in which she had attempted to gather it; a dress of black silk, with quaint red-and-gold figures scattered broadcast over the dark ground, hung loose and shapeless around her

slender, nervous figure; and her hands, small and shapely like a fairy's but stained with ink, worked convulsively over her knees. After a minute or two she turned her large, burning eyes upon the young student, waved her daughter out of the room, and placing a small *silhouette* likeness, which he now saw had caused her abstraction, on a little gilt tripod by her side, she thanked him for coming according to appointment, and entered upon business. If her eye fascinated him, as birds are said to be held unwilling captives by serpents, her words fell in bewildering showers upon his mind, and reminded him of the first time when he stood on the *Mensur*, and his adversary's rapier hailed blow after blow upon his iron-clad hat. And, as she spoke, her eyes flashed fire, her hands flew up and down till he saw them by dozens; she rose, and now she sat upon the edge of the table; now she towered high above him, and then she sank down upon a *bricobe* at his feet, and looked at him as never man or woman had looked at him before. And all this storm of eloquence, all this wealth of beauty, was to persuade—no, to force him against his will, against his better convictions—to support by his presence and his influence over others the *début* of a new composer whom she had taken under her patronage, and whose first opera was to be performed that night. Before he had had time to recover his self-possession, he found himself holding a dozen tickets in his hands, for which the gold had passed into hers, and stood pledged to bring his aristocratic friends and relatives—"Every one of them, you hear!" she had said—to the opera-house in time for the overture.

That lady was Bettina von Arnim, the famous "Child" of Goethe, and one of the most gifted women that Germany has ever produced. When the student was ushered in by her youngest daughter, he had found her in a fiery burst of indignation. A lampoon had lately appeared, covering her relations to the great poet with scathing ridicule; other pens had taken up the tempting subject, and now—to add insult, unpardonable insult, to the sarcasms of these lampoons—the likeness of a child had been passed from hand to hand in certain circles, for which the parentage of Goethe himself was claimed. All efforts to discover the author of the infamous libel were fruitless, although not only the police, but royalty itself, became deeply interested; Bettina paid once more the penalty of having been too near the godlike poet, and, although she never said a word on the subject even to her nearest friends, the world insisted that the insult was never forgiven nor forgotten.

By one of those strange coincidences, which are by no means the privilege of novel-writers, but occur so often in daily life as to give some truth to the assertion that fact is often stranger than fiction, the same man—now with a white mustache on his fine, bronzed face—was seen ringing the bell of the same grand house, Unter den Linden, in the second month of this year. Like every Prussian, he bore unmistakable evidence of having served his royal master under fire, in his military carriage, a scar or two on his brow, and the noble order of *Pour le Mérite* around his neck; his duties now, however, were peaceful, for on his arm was the Cross of St. John, and the servant who had opened the carriage for him was taking out basket after basket with hospital-stores. The palace, as the good Berlin people love to call the town mansions of their great nobles, had been transformed into a private hospital, under the special care of an illustrious personage, and its inmates were tended—for reasons arising from their social position, or peculiar causes of interest—by persons of high distinction. The elderly gentleman, who paid his first visit on that day, could not help hesitating a moment as the door swung open and revealed to him the well-remembered sunny court-yard, with its fountain and its oleander-trees; with a sigh he went up-stairs, where no bell and no glass door arrested his steps, and slowly walked through two or three rooms, in which curtained beds betrayed silent suffering. The attendants seemed to know him well, and bowed low as he passed; a lady, who had been kneeling by the side of a low cot, on which a man lay in apparent stupor, ended her half-loud prayer; and, after a glance of inquiry at the new-comer's eye, silently opened the richly-gilt door that admitted him into the *salon*, where he first had seen Bettina.

It contained a single bed, snowy white, but of the simplest hospital pattern; all the furniture had been removed save a few pictures hanging on the wall, and a faint odor of approaching death pervaded the vast apartment. On the bed lay the emaciated form of a tall, elderly man, apparently lifeless; but, as the visitor entered, his eyes suddenly opened and flashed a glance of anguish and disappointment at him;

then they closed again, and a fierce twitch of pain passed over the haggard features. The Knight of St. John sat down gently on the edge of the bedstead, and looked patiently at the sufferer; soon after the lady who had opened the door for him entered, and whispered the question into his ear, "Do you recognize him?" He shook his head in sorrow, and she told him then that the dying man had so urgently requested the surgeons and attendants of the hospital to have him carried to this house, that at last her majesty the queen herself, having heard of it, had ordered him to be brought there. He had been a soldier only a few months, but had fought with utter contempt of danger or death; had been decorated on the battle-field with the Iron Cross, only to be shot down the same evening, a mitrailleuse-ball passing clear through his chest, and was now lying in momentary expectation of death. The Knight of St. John looked at the dying man, examining his features minutely, and then bent his ear to his lips to listen to his breathing. Suddenly he raised his head with a look of such utter amazement and bewilderment in his features, that the lady could hardly suppress a cry. There lay the man, a private soldier, a man, beyond all doubt, belonging to the humblest classes of society; of rude make and coarse built, with hands hardened by work, and features worn by exposure and suffering—and this low-born man had uttered a name that thrilled with inexpressible pain through the veins of his visitor. He bent down once more, and after a while the sufferer's chest heaved, his throat darkened, his lips barely parted, and once more the faint breathing shaped the word "Bettina!"—A moment more, and a short, convulsive gasp came, a feeble rattle in the throat, an almost imperceptible flutter through all the limbs, and a soul had passed into eternity.

Some days afterward, the registers of the police having been searched, at the solicitation of the Knight of St. John, the following report was brought to him concerning the deceased: "Johann Wolfgang Miller, born May 1, 1808, near Weimar; a vagabond, but never convicted of any other crime than begging and vagrancy. Possessed of remarkable musical talent, and supporting himself in playing the flute and singing ballads in towns and villages. Repeatedly warned by the police, because he insisted upon addressing begging letters to the family Von Arnim, claiming to be an illegitimate son of the Minister von Goethe. Sent across the frontier twenty-one times. Entered the army, September 21, 1870, as fusilier in the — Regiment of the Line, fought bravely in every battle up to Woerth. Honorably mentioned thrice; received the Iron Cross at Gravelotte; mortally wounded the same day; transported to Mainz, and then, at his urgent request, to Berlin. Made a dying request to be carried to his 'mother's house,' Unter den Linden; brought there by cabinet order, February 2d; died there on the following day. No papers."

Subsequent investigations failed to bring to light any additional information about the unfortunate man, whose fair prospects for life had been evidently blighted by the heartless falsehood of a libeller; while the thought of being the offspring of the illustrious poet had taken apparently so completely possession of his mind as to become the ruling passion of his life, and to expire only with his last breath.

SONNET.

THE PHANTOM BELLS.

UPVEILED in yonder dim ethereal sea,
Its airy towers the work of phantom spells,
A viewless belfry tolls its wizard bells,
Pealed o'er this populous earth perpetually.
Some hear, some hear them not; but, aye, they be
Laden with one strange note that sinks or swells,
Now dread as doom, now gentle as farewells—
Time's dirge borne ever toward eternity.
Each hour its measured breath sobs out and dies,
While the bells toll its requiem—"passing, past"—
The sole sad burden of their long refrain.
Still, with those hours, each pang, each pleasure flies,
Brief sweet, brief bitter—all our days are vain,
Knolled into drear forgetfulness at last.

TABLE-TALK.

THAT the recent defeat of the French is to be attributed in part to moral and social degeneracy is, no doubt, a well-founded opinion. This degeneracy is due, in some degree, to the corruptions of the empire, which seems to have encouraged, if not actually adopted itself, a sensualism, cynicism, and taste for enervating luxury, exemplified by the era of Caracalla's reign at Rome. But it is well not to lay an unjustly heavy burden on the shoulders of the empire, bad as it was. Other influences have been at work. We have already commented on the state of the press, and the harmful power it has exercised under the guidance of brilliant and unprincipled men like Emile de Girardin. The reign of folly has reached beyond the daily papers, and has extended itself over the popular literature of the day. French literature has been for years poisonous to the morals of the French people. Not only has the style of the more widely-read novelists been artificial, corrupt, "flashy," and strained, but the subjects and treatment of the plots, and the canonization of social vice, have been the means by which literary fame has been sustained or won. The ablest, most fertile, and most noxious of the writers of this class, is Alexandre Dumas, *filz*. His works, both romances and dramas, are full of the venom which saps the morals and encourages propensities which are all the worse because they are cynical. The hurt done to French society by this man's writings can scarcely be estimated. They have been the fashionable novels of the drawing-room tables, and have confronted immense audiences of all classes on the boards of nearly every Paris and every provincial theatre. They have supplied slang phrases to the street, food for bad thoughts to the young, and an excuse for unblushing vice to both sexes and all ages; they have strewed the downward path of the nation with alluring and voluptuous flowers, which have been unperceived narcotics and poisons in the air. When we think what a literature France had in her days of strength, when she had her Corneille and Montesquieu, her Laplace and Descartes, or, later, her Rousseau, Chateaubriand, De Staël, and contrast these with the idols of this hour, we need look no farther for proof of the subtle link between a nation's greatness and her literature. Now, in the day of her utter humiliation, this man Dumas, the high-priest of her literary bacchanals, the foremost preacher of sensualism, comes forward to console and encourage her! How? Dumas is a person of intellect, of that there is no doubt. He might, did he choose, with his high fame, become a physician, healing the dreadful hurts which he helped to inflict. But we cannot look for figs from thistles. The old bad purpose remains; the best that he can counsel, is the bad old ideas steadfastly pursued. The author of "*La Dame aux Camélias*," and "*Les Péchés de Jeunesse*," sitting among the ruins of France, a new Marius contemplating a new Carthage, sets out with hypocrisies that are blasphemous, and a piety which is the last perfection of diabolical

cynicism. "We must have God back again," he says, "with society, morality, human solidarity, and true respect for women." He says this, who has done more than any living soul to debase woman, to make her more contemptible than the dogs of the street. And why must "we" have all this? Is it because France needs regeneration, new ambitions, a purer and more virile life, a nobler mission, an utterly different sort of prosperity and power? By no means; peaceful, educational, moral ends are not those for which she is to make sacrifice of her vices, and become virtuous. "Be earnest, true, and upright," he goes on; not permanently, but for "ten years;" and not for the sake of new moral strength, and new enlightened purposes, but because then, by ten years of self-forced virtue, "you shall have paid your debt, and you shall have retaken Alsace and Lorraine, and you shall be the first people in the universe." Thistles from the thistle-bush, after all. The very core of the malady is open to us. French literature, as well as the French press, must have new priests in the temple, or France will go downward all the more rapidly since her recent misfortunes. It remains to be seen whether these have effected a moral and literary as well as a political cure.

— The many-sided elements that now make up the peoples of the American Union may well remind one at times of that vivid era in ancient history when Italians and Greeks, Egyptians and Jews, Goths and Germans, Numidians and Britons, Christians and pagans, were united under the dominion of the Roman eagle—when from the Atlantic to the Euphrates, from Sahara to the forests of Germany, turbulent and active millions of widely-different nationalities and habits jostled each other in half-amicable contention and filled the world with the stir and bustle of their doings. In America we have now as varied nationalities and as contrasted social elements. The four quarters of the globe are with us cheek by jowl; Africans and Mongolians, Teutons and Celts, Gauls and Saxons, Jews and Egyptians, Indians and Asiatics, Slaves and Italians—people of all nationalities unite under the ægis of our flag, vastly heterogeneous under our freedom for individual development, but swiftly acquiring a measure of homogeneity by reason of liberalizing intercourse. These national diversities are supplemented by local diversities, and these again are varied by the perfect opportunity for individual action; and so everywhere we see diffusion and yet unity, the struggle and friction of elements that by nature oppose and contend, and which yet by law and national pressure are abraded into certain unities of purpose. All these contrasted and contending features in our communities produce throughout the country a picturesque turbulence that recalls the commotion of Rome, Constantinople, or Alexandria. The political liberty which brings all sorts of people from foreign shores is attended by that social liberty which gives license to all sorts of individual caprice, and as a result we have a life full of contrast, activity, and collision—a life exuberant, loud, and expansive, which, rapidly losing all claim to high refine-

ment, compensates for this by its lustiness, its courage, and its achievements. In all our great cities these elements are notably conspicuous; but in New Orleans, San Francisco, Chicago, and New York, the kaleidoscope is more rapidly shifting, and the supreme bustle of pleasure and business more striking. New York especially seems in a perpetual flutter of exuberant life. There are ceaselessly outbursts of the elements that make up its population, constantly the loudest demonstration of different organizations, nationalities, or modes of thought, while in pleasure as well as in business we are fairly stunned with the excess of confused activity. The Germans flaunt their banners and utter their peans of triumph to-day; the Irish fill our streets with rude pageantries to-morrow; St. George and St. Nicholas have their festive honors, and all peoples in some form express their national feelings. The great men of other countries are more honored by statues and busts than those of our own; the drama and opera of every tongue have representatives; the sports of all climes are reproduced in our pleasure-grounds; and, in our own individual way, we break out into clamorous conviviality. How extravagantly we dine and lavishly we drink, the hotels bear witness; what bustle and excitement of pleasure we delight in, Long Branch and the sea-shores give evidence. A certain emphasis in our enjoyments is one of our developing characteristics. Go to the wharves and see departing steamers; go on our river-boats and watch excursion-parties. A generation ago we travelled to our watering-places decorously; now the steamers that bear the crowds to these places resound with music and loud conviviality, and glitter with the toilets of Aspasias. In Wall Street our business is enacted amid the clatter of champagne-glasses; on the roads our soberest men of trade repeat the excitement of the race-course. Our hotels are marvellous caravansaries; our promenades glory in their processions of gay costumes. In all things there are emphasis and noise; as we began by saying, we repeat the hot, tumultuous life of Rome when Rome had gathered all peoples under her dominion, and marked her boundaries by the limits of civilization.

— The grave charges recently made by a well-known missionary in the East, against one of our consular officers, have called especial attention to the foreign branch of our public service. Perhaps there is no branch of it so gravely affected by the present fast-and-loose method (or no-method) of appointing government officials; none wherein the interests of the country are so much compromised by injudicious selections, which are avowedly made on grounds of favoritism and for purely party or personal reasons. Fitness, which appears to be a subordinate qualification, is surely not less necessary in an envoy or consul than in a collector or postmaster, and fitness for the former offices embraces a much wider range of special qualities than for the latter. That we are not satisfactorily represented abroad, has long been apparent. A few conspicuous instances of diplomatic or consular ability and success—like Mr. Washburne at Paris,

Mr. Adams at St. James's, Mr. Abbott at Sheffield, and Mr. Dudley at Liverpool—do not, unhappily, save our foreign service from the not very honorable reputation it has acquired. The root of the evil lies in the fact that there is no scrutiny into the qualifications of the candidates. It is true that the Consular Manual, published by the State Department, and given to every consul when he goes abroad, states that he must pass "an examination in Kent's Commentaries, Story on the Constitution, and the text of Wheaton's International Law," and will be required to "read and write with facility the French," besides having "the ability to speak the language of the country where they are to be employed." This examination is, however, hitherto a myth, an official fiction—no such a one takes place. There is no scrutiny into the state of the candidate's information, his character for honesty and judgment, or his peculiar fitness to perform the duties of his office. So ne writer, speaking of a former minister to Paris, says that "he found it very inconvenient not knowing any thing of French." Another American minister, to a European court of importance, "is regarded as a curiosity at —, as he is entirely isolated in a shabby corner, with no acquaintances." The legation at this place, "is composed of an old desk, and three or four rickety chairs, an uncarpeted floor, dingy windows, and filthy surroundings." Still a third tells of American consuls who were notoriously bad characters in their own states; others who could not write a grammatical or correctly-spelled letter; others who were never at their posts; others whose accounts were years behindhand, and yet others who were known to have defrauded the government by official peculation. That there are such men representing us in European courts and cities is undeniable. And when we consider that our official representatives abroad are considered in society there as types of American society, and that we are, to a large degree, judged by their manners and conduct, the gravity of the evil of careless or purely partisan appointments is at once seen. There are other phases of this subject to which we shall recur; meanwhile, there is hope that the new commission on the civil service may discover the evil to which we call attention, especially as it affects the foreign service, and may suggest a remedy to the powers at Washington.

— Just after the murder of Mr. Putnam on one of our city cars, we suggested that, if the whole body of car-conductors were organized as a police, disciplined and uniformed as a police, and held to the same responsibility that the police are, greater security would ensue to the passengers, and the character of the conductors, as a class, be improved and elevated. The New-York World sanctioned our suggestion at the time, and now, somewhat tardily, we find the Times advocating our proposal. At the close of an article, recently, relating the offensive conduct of a conductor toward a passenger, it observed:

"Would not the matter be simplified, and quiet transit, with prompt redress of wrong, be made almost certain, if the conductors themselves were made directly responsible,

not to the superintendent or directors of the company by which they are employed, but to the board of police? Let the conducting of city cars be a licensed occupation, the licenses to be granted, and, for cause, taken away by the board of police; and let city railway companies employ no conductor who is not licensed, with a heavy penalty for violation of this ordinance. Then give the conductors in their cars the power of policemen; and it seems very clear that, on the one hand, disorder in street-cars would be at an end, except in very extraordinary cases; and, on the other, that such oppressive cases as that which is the occasion of our article would be impossible. For the conductor would know that, if he failed in the preservation of order, or used his authority oppressively, he could be brought up immediately before a body which had the power to deprive him instantly of his employment, not only on that railway, but on all others in the city. No discreet, competent conductor would be wronged, and the public would be completely protected."

Correspondence.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

To the Editor of Appleton's Journal.

In reading the performance of a centipede, as related by Mr. H. E. BROWN, in his article in the JOURNAL, on "Insect-Pests in San Domingo," I was reminded of an incident I witnessed many years ago in the West Indies. A party of officers on board the flag-ship of Commodore Connor, then lying at the west end of Santa Cruz, was invited to breakfast by Dr. Stevens, who had a charming place a few miles from our anchorage. The doctor was a bachelor, and had many pets around him; but I do not know that lizards were among them, though the knowledge of his kind treatment must have extended to these lively little fellows.

While we were waiting for breakfast, a lizard, which had accidentally lost about two inches of his tail, came up the long flight of steps to the veranda, and walked into the parlor, bringing in his mouth that part of his tail that had been cut off, and laid it at the feet of the kind old doctor. Whether the *medico* tried to splice on the severed part, I do not remember; but we thought the performance of the lizard a remarkable one for an animal so far down the scale of intelligence.

Dr. Stevens had a pigeon which, for intelligence, was equal to the pigeons we see in Venice, flying to one corner of St. Marks Square when the clock strikes two p. m. The avenue to the doctor's house, from the public highway, was a long one, winding among tropical trees, and in its course crossing a bridge of planks. When the doctor's carriage, homeward bound, crossed that bridge, the pet pigeon would fly down the avenue to meet its fond owner; and, perching alongside of him, would make such demonstrations of affection on the way home as doves make to their mates.

What a rebuke are such facts as these to those who are cruel or unkind to harmless creatures which cannot speak for themselves!

J. STOCKBRIDGE, U. S. N.

PHILADELPHIA, July 9, 1871.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.

GENTS: Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon your JOURNAL; nevertheless, there is one objectionable point, if I may be allowed to mention it; i. e., the insertion of advertisements in such form that they cannot be removed before binding. It may, in justice, be proper to insert them in the volumes

(bound), which are sold by your house; but, when parties take it weekly, there is objection to sandwiching so much unreadable matter in such a work. . . . Yours, etc,

R. GORDON.

Our correspondent is in error in supposing that the advertisements in the JOURNAL must necessarily be bound up in the volume. The advertising pages are numbered independently of the JOURNAL paging, and they can easily be removed by the binder.

Miscellany.

Spirit-Drawings in London.

THE "spirit-drawings in water-colors," exhibited at the "New British Gallery" in Old Bond Street, are one hundred and fifty-five in number, and consist entirely of curves and flourishes in all sorts of colors, mostly very bright ones, interspersed with certain threads of white tracery, of the finest and most elaborate kind, in lines as thin and intricate as the weavings of a cobweb. In all these one hundred and fifty-five drawings there appears to be no attempt to reproduce distinctly any object of which mortals have cognizance. Here and there are certain forms which remotely resemble leaves, and now and then there is faintly shadowed forth what may be supposed to represent some unknown fruit dimly suggestive of a ripe fig of Broddingnag proportions; but for the most part the drawings consist of an infinite variety of curved lines which, like the tale told by an idiot, "signify nothing."

What are these "spirit drawings" like? They are a little like sea-weed, a little like feathers, a little like an anatomical preparation in a bottle at the College of Surgeons. They remind one, moreover, of some of the maddest of William Blake's designs, and of the later whirligigs of Turner. What is most strange about them, perhaps, is that they are executed with great show of elaboration, the curves are drawn with exceeding care, the colors, which are brilliant in the extreme and not inharmonious in arrangement, are delicately laid on, while over all, and interwoven with all, is a sort of net-work of white lines of the most extraordinary fineness, which remind one of spun glass and of gossamer, and (tell it not in Gath!) ever so little of boiled vermicelli.

Judging by the statements contained in the catalogue published by the artist—a lady—through whose mediumship these drawings have come into existence, they have each and all a distinct and separate meaning. Thus, while one will be designated a "Blossom from a Spirit Home," another will be entitled the "Monogram of Mrs. Guppy," and yet another, the "Spiritual Crown of the Rev. Richard Chermiside." The spiritual crowns are numerous throughout the collection. Besides those of her majesty the queen and the late prince consort—described at great length in the catalogue—there are among others the spiritual crowns of Daniel D. Home, Esq., and of Miss Houghton herself, the lady by whose hand—spiritually guided, of course—all these drawings have been executed. There are also the flowers, plants, and fruits of various individuals who are mentioned by name in the collection. There is, for instance, the "Flower of William Borer," the "Plant of Sidney Alexander Houghton," and the "Fruit of Mary Warrand," any one of which might, as it appears to the uninitiated eye, do duty for either of the others, or, if need were, for the "Flower of William Shakespeare," which in turn might serve, as it would seem, for that of

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy or of Bartolomeo Esteban Murillo, both of whom are here represented by means of spiritual botany, as are also "Franz Anton Mesmer," "William Blake, the artist," and most surprising of jumbles, Archbishop Whately, of logical celebrity.

But, perhaps the most curious feature connected with this amazing exhibition is the mixture of what is practical and commonplace with what is sublime and mystical, evidence of which meets one at every turn. The explanatory pamphlet which is sold in the gallery abounds in such evidence, but nowhere is it displayed in a more comical form than in the concluding section, in which the symbolism of color is treated of: a list of colors, described by the conventional names conferred by the artists' color-man, being given on one side of the page, with the qualities of which each tint is supposed to be symbolical on the other. From this list we gain much valuable information, learning, among other things, that yellow ochre represents "delicacy of mind;" purple lake, "power of appreciating the great and good in others;" mixed green (gamboge and Prussian blue), "freshness of soul;" sepia, "nursing powers;" and brown madder, "adjustingness of mind"—whatever that may be. Truly, we live in an age of wonderful discoveries, and, surely, "these are of them."

The Wife of Socrates.

Socrates was undoubtedly a great philosopher, a deep thinker, a man of huge intellect, of purity, integrity of purpose, and unselfishness beyond most others; of unfinching honesty, spending and being spent for the cause of truth and virtue. But, on the other hand, he had many qualities which women are not apt to admire in husbands. He was certainly ugly, and has himself drawn a comical picture of his own defects. Praising the beauty of utility, he declares that his prominent eyes are beautiful, because they enable him to see sideways as well as straight in front; his nose is beautiful, because the up-turned nostrils inhale odors from all sides, while no obtrusive bridge shuts from one eye the sight of the other; his vast mouth is beautiful, because adapted for biting large morsels, while from his thick lips may be expected soft and abundant kisses. Through these outward tokens of his humanity, Xanthippe may be excused for not discerning in their plenitude the inward and spiritual gifts of the philosopher. While gorgeous sophists, in their flowing robes, were followed by crowds of eager listeners, the poor and humbly-clad Socrates was treated with ineffable contempt. He was rude and ungainly in his movements; unlike all respectable citizens in his habits. Barefoot, he wandered about the streets of Athens, absorbed in thought; sometimes he stood still for hours, fixed in meditation. Every day he strolled into the market-place and disputed with all who were willing. In appearance he resembled a Silenus. His flattened nose, with wide and up-turned nostrils, his projecting eyeballs, his thick and sensual lips, his squab figure and unwieldy belly, were all points upon which ridicule might fasten.

Surely such a husband must have been a trial to the most exemplary of wives. And his works and ways were still more provoking than the grotesque surprises of his person. For a passionate woman, how frightful an ordeal to have a morally and physically bespattered and besprinkled husband say, with Victor-Hugonian terseness, "After the thunder, the rain!" Or conceive the horror of a husband who might, after you have been irritated by a long discussion, address you thus: "The result which I have acquired from my conver-

sation with you is that I am wiser than you, for neither you nor I know any thing of what is truly good and honorable; but the difference between us is, that you fancy you know them, while I am fully conscious of my own ignorance; I am, therefore, wiser than you, inasmuch as I am exempt from the capital error."

Or could a wife be content to have for a husband such a social nuisance as a man who who could defend himself by saying, "In this research and scrutiny I have been long engaged, and am still engaged. I interrogate every man of reputation. I prove him to be defective in wisdom; but I cannot prove it so as to make himself sensible of the defect." Surely to a wife, as to the Athenian public, Socrates must have seemed an "impossible person." A person, again, who could address one thus: "My mission as your monitor is a mark of the special favor of the god to you; and, if you condemn me, it will be your loss, for you will find no other such. Perhaps you will ask me, 'Why cannot you go away, Socrates, and let me live in peace?' This is the hardest of all questions for me to answer to your satisfaction. If I tell you that silence on my part would be disobedience to the god, you will think me in jest, and not believe me. You will believe me still less if I tell you the greatest blessing which can happen to you is to carry on discussions every day about virtue and those other matters which you hear me canvassing when I cross-examine myself as well as others, and that life without such examination is no life at all. Nevertheless, so stands the fact, incredible as it may seem to you." An impracticable man evidently, and one whom no woman could pardon, should the story prove true that he and Xanthippe had but one dress between them, so that only one could leave the house at a time.

But there is still another ground, a delicate ground of accusation, which Xanthippe might have brought against Socrates. Socrates' intimacy with Aspasia might well have offended the most inextinguishable of wives. Plutarch tells us, for example, that "though the acquaintances of Aspasia took their wives to hear her converse, the business which she supported here was neither decent nor honorable, for she kept a number of courtesans in her house. Or, again, even a reasonable wife might be suspicious of a man who went to persuade himself by the sight of his own eyes whether the beauty of Theonote, a courtesan, who sat as a model to artists, and with whom he engaged in a long discourse on the value of friends and the best method to gain them, was really beyond the power of words to describe.

A French Explanation.

LONDON, May 5, 1871.

Our late disasters are generally attributed to the superiority of the Prussian army in numbers, discipline, and organization. Without denying the influence of these causes, and recognizing that our military science may be improved, this explanation does not seem to be the true one.

The French army has never possessed, and never will possess, the peculiar qualities which have distinguished the Prussian army since the time of Frederick the Great. The French character will never submit to that minute attention to detail and that strict discipline which characterize our conquerors of to-day. And yet, in spite of her defects, France has ever been, and ever will be, a warlike nation of the first order. She conquered the Prussians at Jena in spite of their superiority, and would have conquered them again at Forbach and at Woerth, but for one of those extraordinary mistakes in strategy which history at times re-

peats, and which are sufficient in themselves to explain the ruin of nations and the loss of empires.

At the beginning of hostilities, the two armies were about equal in numbers. The Prussians, in crossing our frontier, had not three hundred thousand men, and our army nearly equalled their effective force. But, instead of concentrating on one point, or at least on two—in Alsace and in Lorraine—it was distributed in corps of about thirty thousand men each over a line extending more than eighty leagues; so that the Prussians, encountering only isolated and comparatively weak bodies, overwhelmed them with superior numbers.

To understand fully the fatal influence of that first error on the issues of the war itself, one must take into account the nervous and sensitive nature of the Gallic race. Three centuries ago it was said by Machiavelli that at the successful opening of a battle the French were more than men, and in a reverse less than women. However exaggerated this formula may be, it is certain that the French, when victorious, seem gifted with extraordinary powers. They obey their chiefs, bear cheerfully all privations, and make up by their intelligence and spirit for any deficiencies of organization.

If, on the contrary, they are defeated, with that mobility peculiar to the Celtic race, they are too much inclined to accuse their officers of incapacity and treachery, to cease to obey them, and the relaxation of discipline soon involves military disorder.

The principal condition of success then would be victory at the outset, which calls forth that *furia francesca* which for two thousand years has never failed us.

Now the question is: Have our soldiers degenerated; have they lost that valor and intrepidity which but lately led them to triumph over the Russians at Malakoff, and the Austrians at Solferino? No! a thousand times no!

In order to understand the condition of our army before the demoralizing causes had affected it, let us judge it from the first battle, that of Wissembourg.

Here was a division taken at random, a small corps of observation consisting of from seven to eight thousand men.

The commander, General Douay, in case of an attack by a superior force, was to fall back on the corps of MacMahon. But the general being killed at the beginning of the engagement, his division found itself face to face with an army of one hundred and twenty to one hundred and forty thousand men.

It fought, however, a whole day with energy and perseverance. The Crown-Prince of Prussia was unable to conceal his admiration for that handful of brave men, and admitted, in his official report, that he lost on this occasion eight thousand men in killed and wounded. This from a single division of seven or eight thousand men. Every allowance being made for time and circumstances, there was never a nobler deed of arms.

Suppose now that with such soldiers, instead of those isolated corps, having no connecting link and but one distinct command, Marshal MacMahon had held under his hand the corps of the Army of Alsace, and Marshal Bazaine those of Lorraine; in other words, that the Crown-Prince of Prussia and Prince Frederick Charles, instead of dealing with fragments of the army, had each of them encountered a real army composed of such soldiers as fought at Wissembourg, would the result have been the same?

This first enormous strategical error is then, in my opinion, the true cause of our disasters. That error, I hasten to say, can be explained

by unforeseen circumstances, independent of any will; and far be it from me to throw additional blame on the august and unfortunate victim who has borne the weight of it.

I wish only to assert that our soldiers had not degenerated from their ancient valor; that our army was as brave as any of those that have heretofore astonished the world, and that without the fatality that caused it to be surprised in detail, before any concentration could take place, it would have repeated the marvels of Austerlitz and Jena.

PRESIDENT.

The Mango-tree.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

He wiled me through the furzy croft;
He wiled me down the sandy lane.
He told his boy's love, soft and oft,
Until I told him mine again.

We married, and we sailed the main—
A soldier, and a soldier's wife.
We marched through many a burning plain;
We sighed for many a gallant life.

But his—God kept it safe from harm.
He toiled, and dared, and earned command.
And those three stripes upon his arm
Were more to me than gold or land.

Sure, he would win some great renown:
Our lives were strong, our hearts were high.
Jne night the fever struck him down.
I sat, and stared, and saw him die.

I had his children—one, two, three.
One week I had them, blithe and sound.
The next—beneath this mango-tree,
By him in barrack burying-ground.

I sit beneath the mango-shade;
I live my five years' life all o'er—
Round yonder stems his children played;
He mounted guard at yonder door.

'Tis I, not they, am gone and dead.
They live; they know; they feel; they see.
Their spirits light the golden shade
Beneath the giant mango-tree.

All things, save me, are full of life:
The minas, pluming velvet breasts;
The monkeys, in their foolish strife;
The swooping hawks, the swinging nests;

The lizards, basking on the soil;
The butterflies who sun their wings;
The bees about their household toil,
They live, they love, the blissful things.

Each tender, purple mango-shoot,
That folds and droops so bashful down,
It lives; it sucks some hidden root;
It rears at last a broad green crown.

It blossoms; and the children cry,
"Watch when the mango-apples fall!"
It lives: but rootless, fruitless, I—
I breathe and dream; and that is all.

Thus am I dead: yet cannot die:
But still within my foolish brain
There hangs a pale-blue evening sky;
A furzy croft; a sandy lane.

Love-making in South Italy.

Love-making by signs is very general. The method has many recommendations; for as the lovers are not seen together, and don't write, they are not easily found out. Every window opens to the floor, and has a balcony, so that neighbors have great facilities for the pastime. The language of love is very simple; it is always the same, and always interesting and new. The gentleman begins by tak-

ing out his handkerchief, which he passes over his face, looking all the time at the lady, and throwing into his face and eyes expressions of admiration for her; at the same time he compliments her on her beauty by passing his hand over his mouth and chin. The lady's answer is a blush, hiding her face, except the eyes, behind her fan, and pointing to the rear, to indicate that mamma is coming, and retreats. Next time, the same play on the gentleman's side, followed by possibly a glance, not of discouragement, from the lady; whereupon he hugs his left side, to express that he loves her to distraction; and the lady flees, to return the next day, and observe the gentleman, of course, to her great astonishment and displeasure, repeat the previous gestures, ending by showing her the palms of his hands, and looking entreaty, which any young lady even unacquainted with the particular language in question would understand to mean: I vow by, etc., that I love you more than—etc. Do you love me? The answer to which, of course, depends upon circumstances; and thus the ancient comedy proceeds. It is understood to be extremely interesting to the *dramatis personæ*. Love-making, short of the "ask-papa" part, is frequently carried on in South Italy in this way; and it not seldom happens that when papa is inexorable, or the lady in a convent, the whole affair, including agreement and preparations to run away, is transacted solely by gestures—a *propos* of which it is on record that on an occasion of the sort, all being prepared, and the gentleman in the street waiting at the lady's door with the carriage intended to carry off the happy couple, an awfully gruff voice was heard asking, "Are you there?" The lover looked toward the voice, saw that it came from the object of his balcony affections, and, utterly disenchanted, fled.

Charles Victor Hugo.

Charles Victor Hugo, eldest son of the celebrated poet, and one of the most distinguished writers of France, suddenly died, a few weeks ago, from congestion of the brain, in the prime of life and in the maturity of intellect.

The earlier and later years of his life were wholly absorbed by politics, the greater portion of the intervening time having been spent by him in literary pursuits and labors.

In 1848, when only twenty years old, he was attached to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, as secretary to M. de Lamartine.

Until 1851, he was the principal editor of the newspaper called the *Event*, founded by his father in 1848, in conducting which he was aided by his brother, M. François Victor. Having published a remarkable article on "Capital Punishment," which at one time was the theme of general comment, he was tried, found guilty of abusing the liberty of the press, and imprisoned for the space of two months.

After the *coup d'état*, he and his brother voluntarily accompanied their father into exile, where they remained until nearly the end of the emperor's reign.

While living in the island of Jersey, he published a series of works of great interest, of which the following are the principal: "*Le Cochon de Saint-Antoine*" ("Saint Anthony's Pig"), 1857, in three volumes, a great pantheistical *fantasia*; "*La Bohème dorée*," 1859, two volumes; "*La Chaise de Paille*," 1859; "*Une Famille tragique*," 1860, previously published in the *Presses*; "*Je vous aime*," a comedy in one act, 1861, etc. His drama of "*Les Misérables*," prepared by him for the stage at Brussels, was a great success, and evinced remarkable powers of adaptation.

In 1869 he and his brother founded the *Rappel*, a newspaper radically opposed to the empire, the editorship of which he preserved up to the time of his death.

Lunches.

Many persons find that the lunches they catch at railroad-stations, or which they carry with them in their bags or baskets, give them headaches, and serve as very poor substitutes for warm dinners at home. It is probably because they are made up so largely of cake or pastry. The food is too concentrated, has not enough waste-matter and fluid about it, and so produces constipation, which is a sure cause of a dull head and general bodily discomfort. The vegetables and soups we eat with our dinners at home, are valuable for their waste-matter as well as for their nutriment. With our lunches we miss these, but fruit is still better for those whose stomachs are healthy enough to eat it uncooked, and fruit we can almost always have with us. For a substantial lunch to take from home, especially for one who is taking active exercise, cold chicken is good, or cold meat cut in slices. These, laid between buttered slices of bread, make very nice sandwiches. Thin biscuit is usually more acceptable than bread, and if cut open, spread with currant-jelly, and put together again, is very nice. The less of cake, and the plainer that little, the better for the traveller's comfort. Fresh soda-crackers and fresh apples make an excellent light lunch; but the fine flour-crackers are so concentrated, that it is best for all who can do so to eat the accompanying apples without peeling them. A simple lunch of this kind, which you can buy as you hasten through the streets to the depot, is far better than the little sweet cakes and pastry abominations sold at stands near the depot. I doubt if women, who know how such things are made, are often caught buying them. Figs or raisins go well with crackers or gems; but fresh, juicy fruit is preferable when you can get it.

Lady Amberley's Claims of Women.

1. We desire that there should be a great improvement in the education of girls, and a restoration to them of those endowments originally intended for both sexes, but which, in some instances, have been appropriated exclusively to boys.

2. As a natural sequence to the first requirement, that equal facilities should be granted to women for the attainment of the highest education and of university degrees, in order that their special faculties may not be consigned to compulsory idleness, but may be turned to the benefit of society.

3. That all professions should be open to them, and especially that no new act, medical or otherwise, should actually exclude them as they are excluded now.

4. That married women should no longer be debarred from the separate ownership of property, on the same terms as married men.

5. That a widow should be recognized by law as the only natural guardian of her children.

6. That the franchise should be extended to women as a means of power and protection in all matters affected by legislative action.

7. That political and social interest and work should be open equally to them, so that, if there be talent or aptitude in any of them, the state may not be the loser, alike by the exclusion of those qualities which they share with men, and of those which are characteristic of themselves.

8. That public opinion should sanction

every occupation for women which in itself is good and suited to their strength.

9. That there should be no legal subordination in marriage.

10. That the same wages should be given for the same work.

Foreign Items.

THE Count de Chambord is noted for his great fondness for Austrian beer, and is said to be a very hearty eater. The story that he is not the son of the Duke de Berri, seven months after whose death he was born, has been revived, but it is generally disbelieved in Europe. At all events, his countenance bears a striking resemblance to that of the ill-starred Louis XVI., and, even in his language and in other things, he reminds those who converse with him of his grandfather, King Charles X. He separated some time ago from his wife, who is a Princess of Modena, and there is a report that the pope granted him a divorce from her, which, however, was never made public to the world. After obtaining that divorce, the count is said to have clandestinely married the daughter of his chamberlain, who belongs to the old aristocracy of France. When the Count de Chambord recently returned to France, it is related that, after crossing the frontier, he jumped out of his carriage and kissed the ground, exclaiming to his companions, amid tears of emotion, "It is forty years and longer since I trod this soil. Pray for me, my friends, that I never may be obliged to leave it again!"

A curious episode in the life of the young Russian Grand-duke Alexis is the following: One day he was walking alone in one of the streets of St. Petersburg, when he saw several policemen running past him in a great hurry. He asked one of them what was the matter. "They are murdering a woman at a house close by," was the reply. The curiosity of the grand-duke was excited, and he accompanied the policemen. Upon arriving in front of the house, he heard terrible cries issuing from an open window on the second floor. "Murder me, wretch! Murder me, I defy you! Plunge your dagger in my heart!" was cried by a female voice in the most tragic tone. The police burst open the front-door, which was locked, and rushed into the house. The grand-duke followed them. A few moments afterward there appeared at the head of the staircase a lady, a well-known German tragedienne, who seemed to be greatly surprised at the appearance of the police and the grand-duke. When the latter explained to her what had brought them there, the lady burst into loud laughter, and exclaimed: "Your imperial highness, I was all alone in the house, and was reciting one of my *roles*. I ought to have closed the window."

There has seldom been in the fortunes of a great German financier such a series of sudden changes as in those of Dr. Strousberg, the so-called Railroad King of Prussia. It is not many years since he was as poor as a church-mouse, and lived in a garret in London. A few years afterward he was a millionaire in Prussia, and, by dint of successful railroad speculations, amassed so much wealth that, next to the Rothschilds, he was believed to be the richest man in the kingdom. But this was only of short duration. His riches have taken wings—he is unable to pay his debts, and he is even prosecuted by the criminal courts for having committed frauds on a gigantic scale.

Baron Jerome David, the illegitimate son of the late ex-King Jerome Bonaparte, of Westphalia, had the other day at Brussels a stroke of apoplexy, in consequence of which he has remained partially paralyzed. He was the son of a washerwoman of Dreux, but displayed already in early childhood so much talent at school, that his father gave him a very careful education. He was, under the Second Empire, one of the chief pillars of the Napoleonic dynasty, and a great favorite in society.

The Princess de Metternich went recently to Meran, where the Empress Elizabeth of Austria was sojourning, for the purpose of reconciling herself with the empress, who was angry with the princess on account of the publication of a certain pamphlet, published some time ago at Brussels, which contained certain offensive allusions to the Empress Elizabeth, and which was generally believed to have emanated from the Princess de Metternich. The trip, however, was unsuccessful. The empress refused to grant an audience to the princess.

Executions of criminals in Prussia will hereafter be performed with an axe having a straight edge twelve inches in length. The culprits are to be fastened to a block, and their heads are to be buckled in such a manner as to make it difficult for the executioner to hit with his axe any thing but the neck. Heretofore, not a few executions resulted in a manner horrifying to the sensibilities of the spectators, owing to the nervousness of the executioner, and to the imperfect manner in which the victim had been attached to the block.

It having been reported that General von Moltke would receive from the citizens of Cologne a keg, handsomely mounted with silver, and filled with the best eau de Cologne, the veteran strategist has received upward of one thousand requests from sentimental ladies asking him to send them a small bottle of the precious fluid. Unfortunately for the ladies, the people of Cologne do not think of offering such a present to General von Moltke.

The people of Munich are in despair. They assert that the beer manufactured in the Bavarian capital has of late years steadily increased in price and decreased in quality, so that now large quantities of Vienna beer are imported into the city where King Gambrinus formerly had his headquarters.

One of the most curious acts of the Paris Commune was the appointment of one Salvador Daniel as successor of Auber as director of the Paris Conservatory of Music. This man Daniel had composed only a few songs, all of which he had dedicated to Theresa, the notorious *cantatrice* of the Alcazar.

The splendid estate of Schwartzenebeck, which the Emperor William has presented to Prince Bismarck, in recognition of the services rendered by him during the war with France, belonged formerly to the Danish crown. It makes Prince Bismarck the wealthiest private landed proprietor in Northern Germany.

It is reported that not a single first-class painting of Rosa Bonheur is now in her native country. Her best works are in England, America, Germany, and Russia. The Emperor William of Germany has seven of her paintings, and Mdle. Bonheur is now at work upon three paintings representing the favorite horses and dogs of the old monarch.

It is said in Paris that the Communists intended to imprison George Sand because she

had openly denounced Felix Pyat. It was owing to the intercession of Victor Hugo's son that the distinguished authoress was not molested.

The great war monument in commemoration of the German victories in France will be erected at the confluence of the rivers Main and Rhine, near Mayence. It will be the most gigantic monument of its kind in existence. The two rivers will be spanned by bridges leading to the monument.

Prince Napoleon had, at the Palais Royal, a very valuable ornithological collection, presented to him by one of his relatives. It has disappeared, but is known not to have been destroyed. The prince's agent in Brussels offers, in the Brussels papers, a large reward for its recovery.

Dresden, the capital of the kingdom of Saxony, is now the most fashionable place of resort for foreigners intending to live for some time in Germany. There are now over ten thousand foreign residents in that city, nearly three times as many as in Berlin.

Carl Wilhelm, the composer of the famous German national hymn, "The Watch on the Rhine," is not dead, as was reported some time ago, but has entirely recovered from the stroke of apoplexy which had prostrated him recently.

The house in Munich which King Louis I. presented to Lola Montez at the time he conferred upon her the title of Countess of Landsfeldt, has been for sale for some time, but it finds no purchasers, because it is said to be haunted.

A pamphlet published at Geneva, and purporting to give correct information about the vast working-men's league called L'Internationale, asserts that the Oneida Community in the State of New York is connected with it.

The remains of Ludwig Boerne, the eminent German philosopher, are to be exhumed at the Père-la-Chaise cemetery in Paris, and will be taken for reburial to Frankfurt-on-the-Main, where he was born.

In the Rendswühren Moor, in Germany, a corpse has been found in a remarkably good state of preservation. *Savants*, who examined the remains, have declared that they must have been at least one thousand years underground.

A governess of Bromberg, in Prussia, has discovered a chemical composition for an improved needle-gun cartridge. It is believed that the Prussian Government will buy the receipt from her.

Five distinguished Italian painters have refused to perform the difficult task which the government asked them, namely, the restoration of Leonardo da Vinci's famous painting, "The Last Supper."

Prince Richard de Metternich has made an arrangement with his creditors by which he retains possession of all his estates, including the famous chateau of Johannisberg.

The Düsseldorf painters had few orders during the war. Still they disposed of, in 1870, upward of one hundred and fifty thousand thalers' worth of paintings.

A Berlin paper says that the presents which Prince Bismarck received since the breaking out of the war with France are worth several hundred thousand dollars.

Frederick Gerstaeker, the German traveler, and author of the novel "How a Bride was won," has inherited a large fortune from a distant relative.

Miss Lewis, the colored American sculptress in Rome, is at work upon a statue of Peace for the Empress Augusta of Germany.

It cost less than one thousand dollars to repair the damages caused to the Strasbourg cathedral during the bombardment of that city.

Joseph Gungl and his inimitable orchestra are delighting the people of Northern Sweden, and intend thence to proceed to Northern Finland.

The official organ of the Sultan, in Constantinople, has a circulation of only four hundred copies.

The Crown-princess Victoria of Germany will pass a year in England, Sweden, and Norway, for the benefit of her health.

Jules Mirés, it has now been ascertained, has left very little property.

Varieties.

THE *Osservatore Romano* narrates that "an ugly, gray-skinned serpent has its nest in the walls of the Roman University, where, having deposited its rugged and hypocritical exterior, it now makes a splendid show of its new colors. Those words are not allegorical. We are relating a real and true fact. Yesterday evening, about two hours after sunset, a long snake was seen to glide along the external walls of the university, opposite the Carpegna Palace, and hide itself among the building-timber collected there. This morning, a crowd of people were gazing at the entire skin of which the serpent divested himself last night, returning again to his hiding-place. It is truly a curious fact that even real serpents should dwell in the heart of our city, as if it were a mass of ruined buildings."

Dickens's Miss Havisham, in "Great Expectations," has a remarkable counterpart in Louisiana, in the person of a rich old woman of seventy, who lives all alone with doors and blinds closely shut, and has not set foot outside her own doors in eleven years, except to attend church a few times, and then she was closely veiled and muffled. One old woman is her only visitor. She never allows an article of furniture to be moved, and lives in constant dread of a fire, because of the publicity which would result.

There are seventeen Japanese students connected with Rutgers College, at New Brunswick. One of them, in a recent conversation with a correspondent of the *Newark Advertiser*, stated that there were about three hundred of his countrymen in the United States and Europe, and that all of them had been sent out by the government, and were supported by it. On their return they were to be teachers, either in the new university, or elsewhere.

George Alfred Townsend, writing from Salt Lake, says of Brigham Young: "With his hair nicely oiled, in ringlets, and falling around his heavy neck; hair and beard luxuriant, and but a little turned in color; a pair of silver spectacles in his hand, and his manner all bland, from his half-closed eyes to the poise of his knees and feet, Brigham Young soothes mankind with seigniorial hospitality."

An East-Indian paper gives the following highly-satisfactory explanation of what are known as the late "Kookie" raids on British territory in India: "A daughter of the Kookie chief having died, a number of men's heads were wanted to burn with her dead body, and his subjects loyally proceeded across our frontier to collect the requisite material."

The spoken language of China so differs in every separate province, that people living

within a hundred miles can no more understand each other's dialect, than an Englishman can understand a Spaniard. The Mandarin, or court dialect, is more common than any other, and is used at the capital and among officials throughout the empire.

A correspondent, writing from England, says: "Having resided in England about thirty-six hours, and in London twenty-four, I am prepared to state my conclusions as to the nation's genius, her tendency and her destiny." That is the way in which Englishmen usually "do" the United States.

An observing individual, in a very healthy village, seeing the sexton at work in a hole in the ground, inquired what he was about. "Digging a grave, sir." "Digging a grave! Why, I thought people didn't die often here—do they?" "Oh no, sir! they never die but once."

American readers are often amused with the names of Chinese. To them Li Po Tai and Chy Lung look very funny. But perhaps it is only in the way we print it. Suppose some of our own were given thus: Da Vis and Gree Ley, Schuy Ler Col Fax and Val Lan Dig Ham.

An Elmira, N. Y., shoemaker is immensely amused at the way an old rat on his premises has been fooled. The thrifty rodent has gone through a box of shoe-pegs, and put away about a quart of them for winter use, under the belief that they are oats.

The *Nation* cites the notable ferocity of the Frenchwomen on both sides to show the female suffragists that there is no probability of woman's purifying politics and eliminating bitterness from strife.

A person at Pike's Peak, writing to a Minnesota journal, says the miners are very much discouraged in that region; they have to dig through a solid vein of silver four feet thick before they reach the gold.

A Calcutta newspaper says that the principle of Darwinism was maintained five hundred years ago by a Mohammedan saint named Mahmud, who lived in a village named Gilau, near the Caspian Sea.

The recent events in France must give every classical scholar an increased detestation of Homer's "Helen." She and the Commune stand alone in history or fame as guilty of setting Paris on fire.

Of all the Atlantic steamers which leave New-York harbor for Europe, not one carries the American flag. The tricolor of France, the meteor flag of England, and the black eagle of Germany, are the ensigns borne.

The Czar Alexander has appointed his grandson, the Prince George, son of the crown-princess, a colonel in the Imperial Guard. The battle-scarred veteran is only about a month old.

Edinburgh is to build another monument to Walter Scott, in the shape of an edifice, to be filled with relics of the novelist, and life-size statuary of the prominent characters of his stories.

Some one wrote to Horace Greeley, inquiring if guano was good to put on potatoes. He replied it might do for those whose tastes had become vitiated with tobacco and rum, but he preferred gravy and butter.

At Mudie's famous London library, the question, "Any thing new from Darwin, Tyn-dall, Proctor, or Huxley?" is heard almost as frequently as the demand for Miss Braddon, Trollope, or Wilkie Collins.

In order to preserve the great library of his father, the Hon. Charles Francis Adams has built a fire-proof building in which to store it, on the old Quincy estate bought years ago by John Adams.

A census-taker out West reports eight thousand colonels in his district. "There used to be more in that part of the country," he says, "but a large number of them have been raised to generals."

The most approved style of wedding-dress for a Philadelphia girl is simple white muslin.

Engagement and wedding-rings are alike also of plain gold.

Connecticut last year raised six million five hundred thousand pounds of tobacco, or an average of fourteen hundred and fifty pounds to the acre cultivated.

In portions of Louisiana, white laborers are said to be cultivating cotton and sugar, with no sickness beyond the average among the negroes.

Mr. James Anthony Froude, the English essayist and historian, will deliver a course of lectures at the Lowell Institute, Boston, next winter.

A magazine-editor notices it as a singular fact that the heroines of all the novels he has ever examined, were of exceedingly diminutive stature.

Sully, the Philadelphia artist, now nearly ninety, is said to have painted more portraits of celebrities than any artist of his time. He is still an active worker.

The preachers in Iceland are poorly paid. There is not one among them that has a salary of one hundred dollars.

A Maine farmer has discovered that clipping off the blossoms makes his potatoes larger and more numerous.

It is announced, upon the best medical authority, that it is easy to "see through" a man who has a pain in his side.

A London paper states that a party of ten undertakers went to the Derby race upon a hearse drawn by four black horses.

Grapes are sold at a cent and a half a pound in the vineyards in California, and would pay handsomely at half the price.

New-York City has three hundred and eighty-three magazines, reviews, newspapers, and other periodicals.

The Museum.

"LALLI," says Paul Marcey, the French traveller in South America, "which terminates the first stage of three leagues on the route from Lampa to Cuzco, is merely a collection of eight poor huts, constructed of broken fragments of stone cemented with clay. The inhabitants are no more attractive than the place; but the frisky groups of llamas that are seen dotted over the near levels, or scampering along the horizon, where the plain meets the sky, give it peculiar artistic effects of its own. While the traveller sits at the door of one of these quaint way-side habitations, attempting to regale himself upon smoked mutton, onions, dried pimiento, and a few handfuls of *chuño*, or half-mashed potato frozen out-of-doors overnight and boiled with cheese, he hears the melodious sounds of the Pan's pipes hard by, and, glancing up the high-road in the direction of the music, sees a native, in mountain-attire and barefooted, coming toward him at full trot, but dismounted, and drawing a lean nag after him by the bridle. The man executes a flourish on his pipes as he runs, and the animal has a sort of portmanteau secured on either side of a peculiar fixture on his back. This is the royal courier, or *correo real*, on his way from Pano to Cuzco with the mail. Singularly enough, such was the title found still assigned to this functionary, notwithstanding the government edict expunging the word *royal* from official Peruvian nomenclature. These couriers undergo incredible fatigues on their wild journeys, and will often accomplish thirty or forty miles on foot per diem, through the most rugged mountain-districts, with only a little *chuño* and onions for their food, and a few pinches of powdered *coca* leaves, their pungent substitute for snuff and chewing-tobacco, to solace them."



Peruvian Mail-Carrier.

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